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OVID'S
METAMORPHOSES:

TRANSLATED FROM THE LATIN,

BY

DR. GARTH, AND OTHERS.


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PREFACE.

THE method I propose in writing this Preface, is to take notice of some of the beauties of the *Metamorphoses*, and also of the faults and particular affectations. After which I shall proceed to hint at some rules for translation in general; and shall give a short account of the following version.

I shall not pretend to impose my opinion on others with the magisterial authority of a critic; but only take the liberty of discovering my own taste. I shall endeavour to show our poet's redundancy of wit, justness of comparisons, elegance of descriptions, and peculiar delicacy in touching every circumstance relating to the passions and affections; and with the same impartiality and frankness, I shall confess the too frequent puerilities of his luxuriant fancy, and the too great negligence of his sometimes unlaboured versification.

I am not of an opinion, too common to translators, to think that one is under an obligation to extol every thing he finds in the author he undertakes: I am sure one is no more obliged to do so, than a painter is to make every face, that sits to him, handsome. It is enough if he sets the

best features he finds in their full and most advantageous light. But if the poet has private deformities, though good-breeding will not allow to expose him naked, yet surely there can be no reason to recommend him as the most finished model of harmony and proportion.

Whoever has this undistinguishing complaisance, will not fail to vitiate the taste of the readers; and misguide many of them in their judgment, where to approve, and where to censure.

It must be granted, that where there appears an infinite variety of inimitable excellencies, it would be too harsh and disingenuous to be severe on such faults, as have escaped rather through want of leisure and opportunity to correct, than through the erroneous turn of a depraved judgment. How sensible Ovid himself was of the uncorrectness of the *Metamorphoses* appears from these lines, prefixed before some of the editions by the care of his commentators.

*Orba parente suo quicumque volumina tangis,
His saltem vestra detur in urbe locus.
Quicque magis faveas; non sunt hæc edita ab Illo,
Sed quasi de domini funere rapta sui.
Quicquid in his igitur vitii rude carmen habebit
Emendaturus, si licuisset, erat.* Trist. El. vi.

Since therefore the readers are not solemnly invited to an entertainment, but come accidentally, they ought to be contented with what they find. And pray what have they to complain of, but too great variety? where, though some of the dishes be not served in the exactest order and politeness, but hashed up in haste, there are a

great many accommodated to every particular palate.

To like every thing, shows too little delicacy; and to like nothing, too much difficulty. So great is the variety of this poem, that the reader who is never pleased, will appear as monstrous as he that is always so. Here are the hurries of battles for the hero, tender emotions of soul for the lover, a search and penetration into nature for the philosopher; fluency of numbers, and most expressive figures for the poet; morals for the serious, and pleasantries for admirers of points of wit.

It is certain a poet is more to be suspected for saying too much than too little. To add is often hazardous; but to retrench, commonly judicious. If our author, instead of saying all he could, had only said all he should, *Daphne* had done well to fly from the god of wit, in order to crown his poet: thus *Ovid* had been more honoured in his exile than *Augustus* in his triumphs.

I shall now attempt to give some instances of the happiness, and vast extent, of our author's imagination. I shall not proceed according to the order of the poem, but rather transcribe some lines here and there, as my reflection shall suggest.

*Nec circumfuso pendebat in aere tellus
Ponderibus librata suis——*

Thus was the state of nature before the creation: and here it is obvious, that *Ovid* had a discerning notion of the gravitation of bodies. It is now demonstrated, that every part of matter tends to every part of matter with a force, which

is always in a direct simple proportion of the quantity of the matter, and an inverse duplicate proportion of the distance, which tendency or gravitating is constant and universal. This power, whatever it be, acting always proportionably to the solid content of bodies, and never in any proportion to their superficies, cannot be explained by any material impulse. For the laws of impulse are physically necessary: there can be no αὐτεξέσιον, or 'arbitrary principle,' in mere matter; its parts cannot move, unless they be moved; and cannot do otherwise, when pressed on by other parts in motion; and therefore it is evident from the following lines, that Ovid strictly adhered to the opinion of the most discerning philosophers, who taught that all things were formed by a wise and intelligent mind.

*Jussit et extendi campos, subsidere valles,
Fronde tegi sylvas——*

The *flat* of the Hebrew lawgiver is not more sublime than the *jussit* of the Latin poet, who goes on in the same elevated and philosophical style:

*His super imposuit liquidum et gravitate carentem
Æthera——*

Here the author spreads a thin veil of ether over his infant creation; and though his asserting the upper region to be void of gravitation may not, in a mathematical rigour, be true, yet it is found from the natural inquiries made since, (and especially from the learned Dr. Halley's Discourse on the Barometer) that if, on the surface of the

earth, an inch of quicksilver in the tube be equal to a cylinder of air of 300 foot, it will be at a mile's height equal to a cylinder of air of 2,700,000; and therefore the air at so great a distance from the earth must be rarified to so great a degree, that the space it fills must bear a very small proportion to that which is entirely void of matter.

I think we may be confident from what already appears, as well as from what our author has writ on the Roman feasts, that he could not be totally ignorant of astronomy. Some of the critics would insinuate from the following lines, that he mistook the annual motion of the sun for the diurnal.

Sectus in obliquum—

Met. B. ii.

Though the sun be always in one or other of the signs of the zodiac, and never goes by either motion more northward or southward than is here described, yet Phaëton, being designed to drive the chariot but one day, ought to have been directed in the equator, or a circle parallel to it, and not round the other oblique one of the ecliptic: a degree of which, and that by a motion contrary to the diurnal, he was obliged to go in that length of time.

I am inclined to think, that Ovid had so great an attention to poetical embellishments, that he voluntarily declined a strict observance of any astronomical system. For though that science was far from being neglected in former ages, yet the progress which was made in it by no means equalled that of our present time.

Lucretius, though in other things most pene-

trating, describes the sun scarce bigger than he appears to the eye :

*Nec nimio solis major rota, nec minor ardor
Esse potest, nostris quam sensibus esse videtur.*

And Homer, imagining the seats of the gods above the fixed stars, represents the falling of Vulcan from thence to the isle of Lemnos, to continue during a whole day :

Πᾶν δ' ἡμερ φερόμεν ἄμα δ' ἡλίῳ καταδύνῃ
Κάπτεσιν ἐν Δήμῳ—

Il. Lib. i.

The Greek poet aims here to give a surprising idea of the height of the celestial mansions; but if the computation of a modern astronomer be true, they are at so much a greater distance, that Vulcan would have been more years in falling than he was minutes.

But lest I should exceed the usual length of a preface, I shall now give some instances of the propriety of our author's similes and epithets, the perspicuity of his allegories, the instructive excellence of the morals, the peculiar happy turn of his fancy, and shall begin with the elegance of his descriptions :

—— *Madidis Notus evolat alis,
Terribilem picea tectus caligine cultum.
Barba gravis nimbis, canis fluit unda capillis,
Fronte sedent nebulae, rorant pennaque, sinusque
.....
Sternuntur segetes, et deplorata coloni
Vota jacent, longique labor perit irritus anni.*

Met. B. i.

These lines introduce those of the Deluge, which are also very poetical, and worthy to be compared with the next, concerning the golden age :

—— *Sine militis usu*

Mollia securæ peragebant otia gentes.

Ipsa quoque immunis rastrisque intacta, nec ullis

Sauciâ vomeribus, per se dabat omnia tellus.

Contentique cibus, nullo cogente, creutis,

Arbutos sætus, montanaque fraga legebant,

Et quæ deciderant patula Jovis arbore glandes.

Ver erat æternum, placidique tepentibus auris

Mulcebant Zephyri natos sine semine flores.

Virgil has also touched upon the same subject in the end of the second Georgic :

Aurcus hanc vitam in terris Saturnus agebat,

Nec dum etiam audierant inflari classica, nec dum

Impositos duris crepitare incudibus enses.

And again :

Primus ab æthereo venit Saturnus Olympo

.....

Aurea, quæ perhibent, illo sub rege fuerunt

Sæcula : sic placida populos in pace regebat.

Æn. B. viii. l. 319.

Some of the lines, a little foreign to the present subject, are omitted; but I shall make the most admirable author amends by transcribing at length his next description. It is of a stag, which gave the first occasion to the war betwixt the Trojans and the Rutulians. I choose this, because my design is to have these two great poets seen together, where the subject happens to be almost the same, though the nature of the poems be very different :

*Cervus erat forma præstanti, et cornibus ingens,
Tyrrhidaæ pueri, quem matris ab ubere raptum
Nutribant, Tyrrheusque pater, cui regia parent
Armenta, et late custodia credita campi.*

Assuetum imperiis soror omni Sylvia cura

Mollibus intexens ornabat cornua sertis:

Pectebatque serum, puroque in fonte lavabat.

Ille manum patiens, mensaque assuetus herili

Errabat sylvis ———

Æt. B. vil. l. 483.

The image which Ovid gives of the favourite stag, slain accidentally by Cyparissus, seems not of less dignity:

*Ingens cervus erat, lateque patentibus altis
Ipso suo capiti præbebat cornibus umbras:
Cornua fulgebant auro, demissaque in armos
Pendebant tereti gemmata monilia collo.*

*Bulla super frontem parvis argentea loris
Vincta movebatur: parilique ex ære nitebant
Auribus in geminis circum cava tempora bacca.*

*Isque metu vacuus naturalique pavore
Deposito, celebrare domos, mulcendaque colla
Quamlibet ignotis manibus præbere solebat.*

*Gratus erat, Cyparisse, tibi. Tu pabula certum
Ad nova, tu liquidi ducebas fontis ad undam.*

.....

Tu modo texebas varios per cornua flores:

Nunc, eques in tergo residens, huc latus et illuc

Mollia purpureis franabas ora capistris.

In the following lines, Ovid describes the watry court of the river Peneus, which the reader may compare with Virgil's subterranean grot of Cyrene the Naiad, mother to Aristæus:

*Est nemus Hæmonia, prærupta quod undique claudis
Silva; vocant Tempe: per quæ Peneus ab imò
Effusus Pindo spumosis volvitur undis:
Dejectuque gravi tenues agitantia fumos*

*Nubila conducit, summasque aspergine sylvas
Impluit; et sonitu plus quam vicina fatigat.
Hæc domus, hæc sedes, hæc sunt penetralia magni
Amnis: in hoc residens facto de cautibus antro.
Undis jura dabat, Nymphisque colentibus undas.
Conveniunt illuc popularia flumina primum;
Nescia gratentur, consolenturque parentem,
Populifer Spercheos, et irrequietus Enipeus,
Apidanusque senex, lenisque Amphrysos, et Æas;
Moxque amnes alii, qui, qua tulit impetus illos,
In mare deducunt fessas erroribus undas.*

Met. B. i.

*Tristis Aristæus Penei genitoris ad undam
Stat lacrymans——*

.....
*Jamque domum mirans genetricis, et humida regna,
Speluncisque lacus clausos, lucosque sonantes,
Ibat; et ingenti motu stupefactus aquarum,
Omnia sub magna labentia flumine terra
Spectabat diversa locis, Phasimque, Lycumque,
Et caput, unde altus primum se erumpit Enipeus,
Unde pater Tiberinus, et unde Aniena fluenta,
Et gemina auratus taurino cornua vultu
Eridanus; quo non alius per pinguis culta
In mare purpureum violentior influit amnis.*

Georg. B. iv.

The divine poet goes on in pomp of numbers, and easy magnificence of words, till he introduces the story of Orpheus and Eurydice; in the narration of which he is as much superior to Ovid, as the reeds of his own Mantuan shepherds are less musical than the lyre of Orpheus.

That I may not be too long on this article, I shall recommend to the reader, Ovid's admirable description of sleep:

—— *Est prope Cimmerios* ——

Met. B. xi.

That of hunger:

—— *Est locus extremis Scythia* ——

B. viii.

That of the plague :

——— *Dira lues* ———

B. vii.

That of fame :

——— *Orbe locus medio est* ———

B. xii.

Virgil has also touched on the two last ; in the one he had Lucretius in view ; in the other Homer : and I think it will not be to the disadvantage of our author to appear at the same time.

There are many other descriptions scattered in the *Metamorphoses*, which for just expression of nature, and majestic modulation of words, are only inferior to those already transcribed, as they are shorter ; which makes the objection, that his diction is commonly loitering into prose, a great deal too severe.

The *Metamorphoses* must be considered (as is observed before) very uncorrect, and Virgil's works as finished ; though his own modesty would not allow the *Æneids* to be so. It seems it was harder for him to please himself than his readers. His judgment was certainly great, nor was his vivacity of imagination less ; for the first without the last is too heavy, and like a dress without fancy ; and the last without the first is too gay, and but all trimming.

Our author's similitudes are next to be considered ; which are always remarkably short, and convey some pleasing idea to the imagination. It is in this branch of the poem, that he has discovered as just a judgment as any of the classics whatever. Poets, to give a loose to a warm fancy, are generally too apt, not only to expatiate in their similies, but introduce them too frequently ; by

doing the first, they detain the attention too long from the principal narration; and by the latter, they make too frequent breaches in the unity of the poem.

These two errors Ovid has most discerningly avoided. How short and significant are generally his comparisons! He fails not in these to keep a stiff rein on a high-mettled Pegasus; and takes care not to surfeit here, as he had done on other heads, by an erroneous abundance.

His similes are thicker sown by much in the fable of Salmacis and Hermaphroditus, than in any other book; but always short.

The nymph clasps the youth close to her breast, and both insensibly grow one:

—— *Velut si quis conducto cortice ramos
Crescendo jungi, pariterque adolescere cernat.*

Met. B. iv.

Again, as Atalanta reddens in the race with Hippomenes:

*Inque puellari corpus candore ruborem
Traxerat: haud aliter quam cum super atria velum
Candida purpureum simulatas inficit umbras.*

Met. B. x.

Philomela's tongue seemed to move, after it was cut out by Tereus:

*Utque salire solet mutilata cauda colubræ,
Palpitat —————*

Met. B. vi.

Cadmus sows the dragon's teeth, and the sons of the earth rise gradually:

*Inde, fide majus, glebæ capere moveri;
Primaque de sulcis acies apparuit hastæ;
Tegmina mox caput picto nutantia cono;*

Max humeri, pectusque—

Sic, ubi tolluntur festis aulæa theatris

Surgere signa solent; primumque ostendere vultum;

Cætera paulatim, placidoque educta tenore

Tota patent; imoque pedes in margine ponunt.

Met. B. iii.

The objection to Ovid, that he never knows when to give over, is too manifest. Though he frequently expatiates on the same thought, in different words: yet in his similes that exuberance is avoided. There is in them all a simplicity, and a confinement to the present object; always a fecundity of fancy, but rarely an intemperance: nor do I remember he has erred above once by an ill-judged superfluity. After he has described the labyrinth built by Dædalus, he compares it thus:

Non secus ac liquidus Phrygiæ Mæandros in arvis

Ludit, et ambiguo lapsu refluitque, fluitque;

Et nunc ad fontes, nunc ad mare versus apertum

Incertas exercet aquas—

Met. B. viii.

He should have ended at the close of the second line, as Virgil should have done at the end of the fourth, in his noble simile where Dido proceeds to the temple with her court about her:

Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga Cynthi

Exercet Diana choros, quam mille secuta

Hinc, atque hinc glomerantur Oreades, illa pharetram

Fert humero, gradiensque Deas supereminet omnes:

Latona tacitum pertentant gaudia pectus. Æn. B. iv.

I see no reason for the last line. Though the poet be justly celebrated for a most consummate judgment, yet by an endeavour to imitate Homer's similes, he is not only very long, but, by introducing several circumstances, he fails of an applicable

relation betwixt the principal subject and his new ideas. He sometimes thinks fit to work into the piece some differing embroidery, which, though very rich, yet makes at best but glorious patch-work. I really believe his excellent poem had not been the less so, if, in this article, he had thought fit to have walked on in his own regular and majestic grace, rather than have been hurried forward through broken by-ways by his blind guide.

I shall transcribe one of his similies, which is not culled out, but exactly of the same texture with all the rest in the four last books of the *Æneids*.

Turnus leaps in fury from his chariot :

*Ac veluti montis saxum de vertice praeceps
Cum ruit avulsum vento, seu turbidus imber
Proluit, aut annis solvit sublapsa vetustas,
Fertur in abruptum magno mons improbus aotu,
Exultatque solo, sylvas, armenta, virosque
Involvens secum —————* *Æn. B. xii. l. 684.*

It does not seem to be at all material, whether the rock was blown or washed down by wind or rain, or undermined by time.

But to return to Ovid; the reader may take notice how unforced his compliments, and how natural his transitions generally are. With how much ease does he slide into some new circumstance, without any violation of the unity of the story! The texture is so artful, that it may be compared to the work of his own Arachne; where the shade dies so gradually, and the light revives so imperceptibly, that it is hard to tell where the one ceases, and the other begins.

When he is going off from the story of Apollo

and Daphne, how happily does he introduce a compliment to the Roman conquerors!

—— *Et conjux quoniam mea non potes esse,*

Arbor eris certe ——

Tu ducibus Latius aderis, cum latu triumphum

Vox cunet; et longæ visent Capitolia pompa.

Postibus Augustis eadem fidissima custos

Ante fores stabis; mediamque tuebere quercum.

Met. B. i.

He compliments Augustus upon the assignation of Julius; and, by way of simile, takes the opportunity from the horror that the barbarity of Lycaon gave:

—— *Sic cum manus impia sævit*

Sanguine Casareo Romanum extinguere nomen, &c.

Julius is deified, and looks down on his adopted son,

—— *Natique videns benefacta, fatetur*

Esse suis majora, et vinci gaudet ab illo. Met. B. xv.

And immediately follows,

Hic sua præferri quanquam vetat acta paternis;

Libera fama tamen, nullisque obnoxia jussis

Invitum præfert ——

The author, in the two first lines, shows the affectionate condescension of the father; in the three last, the pious gratitude of the son.

The compliments to Augustus are very frequent in the last book of the *Metamorphoses*; as those to the same emperor are in the *Georgics* of Virgil, which also strike the imagination by their agreeable flattery:

Hæc super arborum cultu, pecorumque canebam,

Et super arboribus; Cæsar dum magnus ad altum

Fulminat Euphratem bello, victorque volentes

Per populos dat jura, viamque affectat Olympo.

Georg. i.

Again on Julius:

Imperium Oceano, famam qui terminet astris

Julius ———

Æn. B. i.

The compliments have a great sublimity, and are worthy of the grandeur of the heroes, and the wit of the poet.

Ovid as much deserves praise for saying a great deal in a little, as censure for saying a little in a great deal. None of the classic poets had the talent of expressing himself with more force and perspicuity.

Phaëton desires some pledge of his father's tenderness, and asks to be trusted with his chariot. He answers:

Pignora certa petis ; do pignora certa timendo.

Met. B. ii.

However, the latter complies with his importunity; the consequence is fatal, the world is set on fire; even the rivers feel the force of the conflagration. The Tagus boils,

—— Fluit ignibus aurum.

The Nile retreats,

Occuluitque caput, quod adhuc latet ———

Xanthus is parched up,

Arsurusque iterum Xanthus ———

The poet's fancy is here full of energy, as well as in the following lines. Apollo courts Daphne, and promises himself success, but is disappointed:

Quodque cupit, sperat ; suaque illum Oracula fallunt.

And again, the river Achelous combats Hercules,

and assumes several shapes in vain, then puts on at last that of a snake; the hero smiles in contempt:

Cunarum labor est angues superare mearum.

Ovid never excels himself so much, as when he takes occasion to touch upon the passion of love; all hearts are in a manner sensible of the same emotions; and, like instruments tuned unisons, if a string of any one of them be struck, the rest by consent vibrate.

Procris is jealous of Cephalus; she endeavours to be confirmed in her fears, but hopes the contrary:

—— *Speratque miserrima falli.*

The next is not less natural:

—— *Sed cuncta timemus amantes.*

Byblis is in love with Caurus. The struggle is betwixt her unlawful flame and her honour.

She is all confusion at the thoughts of discovering her passion:

—— *miserere fatentis amorem,*

She attempts to write:

*Incipit et dubitat: scribit, damnatque tabellas,
Et notat, et dclct: mutat, culputque, probatque.*

In the end, inclination (as it does always) gets the better of discretion.

This last fable shows how touchingly the poet argues in love-affairs, as well as those of Medea and Scylla. The two last are left by their heroes, and their reflections are very natural and affecting. Ovid seemed here to have had Virgil's passion of Dido in his eye, but with this difference; the one had conversed much with ladies, and knew they

loved to talk a great deal: the other considered no less, what was natural for them to say, than what became them to say.

Virgil has, through the whole management of this rencounter, discovered a most finished judgment. Æneas, like other men, likes for convenience; and leaves for greater. Dido, like other ladies, resents the neglect, enumerates the obligations the lover is under, upbraids him with ingratitude, threatens him with revenge; then by and by submits, begs for compassion, and has recourse to tears.

It appears from this piece, that Virgil was a discerning master in the passion of love; and they that consider the spirit and turn of that inimitable line,

Qui Baviū non odit——

cannot doubt but he had an equal talent for satire.

Nor does the genius of Ovid more exert on the subject of love than on all others. In the contention of Ajax, Ulysses's elocution is most nervous and persuading. Where he endeavours to dissuade mankind from indulging carnivorous appetites in his Pythagorean philosophy, how emphatical is his reasoning!

*Quid meruere boves, animal sine fraude, dolisque,
Innocuum, simplex, natum tolerare labores?*

*Inmemor est demum, nec frugum munere dignus,
Qui potuit curvi dempto modo pondere aratri,
Ruricolam mactare suum*——

Met. B. xv.

I think *Agricolam* had been stronger; but the authority of manuscripts does not warrant that emendation.

Through the whole texture of this work, Ovid

discovers the highest humanity, and a most exceeding good nature. The virtuous in distress are always his concern; and his wit contrives to give them an immortality with himself.

He seems to have taken the most pains in the first and second book of the *Metamorphoses*, though the thirteenth abounds with sentiments most moving, and with calamitous incidents introduced with great art. The poet had here in view the tragedy of *Hecuba* in Euripides; and it is a wonder it has never been attempted in our own tongue. The house of Priam is destroyed, his royal daughter a sacrifice to the manes of him that occasioned it. She is forced from the arms of her unhappy friends, and hurried to the altar; where she behaves herself with a decency becoming her sex, and a magnanimity equal to her blood, and so very affecting that even the priest wept.

—— *Ipse etiam flens, invitusque sacerdos, &c.*

She shows no concern at approaching death, but on the account of her old, unfortunate mother :

*Mors tantum vellem matrem mea fallere possit.
Mater obest, minuitque necis mea gaudia ; quamvis
Non mea mors illi, verum sua vitu gemenda est.*

Then begs her body may be delivered to her without ransom :

—— *Genetrici corpus inemptum
Reddite ; neve, auro redimat jus triste sepulchri,
Sed lacrymis : tunc, cum poterat, redimebat et auro.*

The unhappy queen laments she is not able to give her daughter royal burial :

Non hæc est fortuna domus ——

Then takes the body in her decrepit arms, and
halts to the sea to wash off the blood :

—— *Ad litus passu processit anili,
Albentes laniata comas.*

The animated thoughts and lively images of this poem are numerous. None ever painted more to the life than our author, though several grotesque figures are now and then seen in the same group. The most plentiful season that gives birth to the finest flowers, produces also the rankest weeds. Ovid has shown in one line the brightest fancy sometimes, and in the next the poorest affectation.

Venus makes court to Adonis :

——— *Et ecce!*
Opportuna sua blanditur Populus umbra ;
Et requievit humo ; pressitque et gramen et ipsum.
Met. B. x. l. 556.

Phœbus requests Phæton to desist from his request :

——— *Consiliis, non curribus utere nostris.*

Caneus, in the battle of the Centaurs, wounds
Latrens in several places :

——— *Vulnusque in vulnere fecit.*

These are some of our poet's boyisms. There is another affectation, called by Quintilian *Ὁξύμωρον*, or 'a witty folly,' which would not have appeared quite so trifling, had it been less frequent.

Medea persuades the daughters of Pelias to kill their father, in order to have his youth renewed. She that loves him best gives the first wound.

Et, ne sit scelerata, facit scelus——— Met. B. vii.

Althea is enraged at her son Meleager, and, to do justice to the manes of his brothers, destroys him :

Impictate pia est ———

Envy enters Athens, and beholds the flourishing condition of the city :

Virque tenet lacrymas, quia nil lacrymabile cernit.

Ovid was much too fond of such witticisms, which are more to be wondered at, because they were not the fashion of that age, as puns and quibbles are of this. Virgil, as I remember, is not found trifling in this manner above once or twice :

*Deucalion vacuum lapides jactavit in orbem,
Unde homines nati, durum genus ———* Georg. B. i. l. 63.

Juno is in indignation at Æneas upon his arrival in Italy :

*Num capti potuerit capi ? num incensa cremavit
Troja viros ? ———* Æn. vii. l. 295.

The poet is so far from affecting this sort of wit, that he rarely ventures on so spirited a turn of fancy, as in these following instances.

Juno upbraids Venus and Cupid, ironically, that two deities could be able to get the better of one weak woman :

*——— Memorabile nomen,
Una dolo Dicum, si fœmina victa duorum est.*
Æn. B. iv. l. 95.

Euryalus, going upon an enterprise, expresses his concern for his surviving mother, if he should fall, and recommends her to the care of Ascanius ; who answers,

*Namque erit ista mihi genitrix, nomenque Crouse
Solum defuerit ———*

Venus is importunate in her solicitations to Vulcan, to make armour for her son ; he answers,

—— *Absiste precando*

Viribus indubitare tuis—— *Æn. B. 7.*

At the first kindling of Dido's passion, he has this most natural thought :

—— *Illum absens absentem auditque, videtque.*

But to return to Ovid ; though I cannot vindicate him for his points, I shall endeavour to mollify his critics, when they give him no quarter for his diction, and attack him so inflexibly for ending his lines with monosyllables, as—*si quis, si non, &c.* and as I think he cannot be excused more advantageously than by affirming, that where he has done it once, Virgil has twenty times.

—— *et cum.* *Georg. l.*

—— *si quis.* *Georg. ii.*

—— *nec dum.* *Georg. ii.*

—— *si quam* *Æn. l.*

—— *si quis.* *Æn. vii.*

—— *jam bos.* *Æn. xii.*

—— *nunc nunc—&c.*

There are a great many endings of lines in this manner, and more indeed than seems consistent with the majesty of heroic verse. When lines are designed to be *sermoni propiores*, this liberty may be allowable, but not so when the subject requires more sonorous numbers. Virgil seems to endeavour to keep up his versification to an harmonious dignity ; and therefore, when fit words do not offer with some ease, he will rather break off in an hemistic, than that the line should be lazy and languid. He well knew how essential it was in poetry to flatter the ear ; and at the same time

was sensible, that this organ grows tired by a constant attention to the same harmony; and therefore he endeavoured now and then to relieve it by a cadence of pauses, and a variation of measures :

Amphion Dirceus in Actæo Aracyntho. Ecl. ii.

This line seems not tuneful at the first hearing ; but, by repetition, it reconciles itself, and has the same effect with some compositions of music, which are at the first performance tiresome, and afterward entertaining.

The commentators and critics are of opinion, that whenever Virgil is less musical, it is where he endeavours at an agreement of the sound with the sense, as,

—— *Procumbit humi bos.*

It would show as much singularity to deny this, as it does a fanciful facility to affirm it; because it is obvious in many places he had no such view.

- | | |
|---|---------------------|
| —— <i>Inventa sub ilicibus sus.</i> | Æn. iii. l. 390. |
| —— <i>Dentesque Sabellicus exacuit sus.</i> | Georg. iii. l. 235. |
| —— <i>Jam setis obsita. jam bos.</i> | Æn. vii. l. 791. |
| —— <i>Furor additus, inde lupi ccu, &c.</i> | Æn. xi. l. 355. |

The places which favour most the first opinion are :

Saxa per et scopulos, et depressas convalles.
Georg. iii. l. 275.

—— *Sape crigurus mus.*
Omnia sub magna labentia flumina terra. Georg. iv.

The last line is the only instance, I remember, (except one in Ecl. ii.) where the words terminate in the same vowel, and seem to represent the constant and uniform sound of a sliding stream.

Those that are most conversant in classic poetry, must be sensible that Virgil has been much more

solicitous than Ovid to keep up his lines to an easy and a musical flow; but though the critics charge the latter with breaking through prosody and grammar, and allowing himself too often the licence of Græcisms, I take this censure to be only an arrogant pedantry in the grammarians, and groundless in itself; but though it were true, I dare be confident it is full as just upon Virgil:

— *Curru subjungere Tigres* — Ecl. v. l. 29.

for *curru*, according to the grammarians.

Often adjectives for adverbs, and the contrary.

— *Pinguis culta* — Georg. i.

An adjective for a substantive.

— *Denso distinguere pingui* —

The same.

— *Seu languentis Hyacinthi* — Æn. xi. l. 69.

First foot of the dactyl short.

— *Tulerunt fastidia menses* — Æn. iv.

The penultima of the verb short.

Opstupui steteruntque comæ.

The same.

So Lucretius, *prodiderunt, reciderunt, &c.*

— *Pampineo gravidus autumnus.* Georg. ii. l. 5.

An iambic for a spondee.

Fluviorum rex Eridanus camposque per omnes.

An anapest for a dactyl, or a spondee.

Nec Clytio genitore minor nec fratre Mnestheo.
Æn. x. l. 29.

A trochee, unless the two consonants *m n* of the following word be allowed.

Fervere, non illa quisquam —

Georg. i. l. 456.

The penultima commonly short with Virgil; so *fulgere, stridere, &c.*

— *Sine me furere ante furorem* —

Æn. xii. l. 680.

A Græcism.

— *Imponere Pelio Ossam.*

Georg. i. l. 281.

A Græcism where there is no elision, but the long vowel before another made short.

The learned and reverend Dr. Clarke has observed, (as he tells me) that though there be several short vowels made long in Homer, yet there is no instance, on the contrary, of any long vowel (such as the first syllable of *τιμή, ψυχή, νίκη*, and the like) ever made short, where no vowel follows: which shows that there is no such thing as a *poetica licentia*, properly so called.

Certainly no body can imagine but these two celebrated authors understood their own tongue better than the scrupulous grammarians of after-ages, who are too dogmatical and self-sufficient, when they presume to censure either of them for not attending strictly enough to syntax and the measure of verse. The Latin tongue is a dead language, and none can decide with confidence on the harmony or dissonance of the numbers of these times, unless they were thoroughly acquainted with their pauses and cadence. They may indeed pronounce with much more assurance on their diction; and distinguish where they have been negligent, and where more finished. There are certainly many lines in Ovid where he has been

downright lazy, and where he might have avoided the appearance of being obviously so, by a very little application. In recording the succession of the Alban kings thus :

*Epitus ex illo est, post hunc Capetusque, Capysque,
Sed Capys ante fuit ———*

There are also several lines in Virgil, which are not altogether tunable to a modern ear, and which appear unfinished :

*Scilicet omnibus est labor impendendus, et omnes
Cogendæ in fulcum ———* Georg. ii. l. 61.

*Præsertim si tempestas a vertice sylvis
Incubuit ———* Georg. ii. l. 310.

*Quasve referre parem ? sed nunc, est omnia quando
Iste animas supra ———* Æn. xi. l. 509.

*Ista quidem quia notu mihi tua, magne, voluntas,
Jupiter ———* Æn. xii. l. 108.

But the sun has its spots ; and if, amongst thousands of inimitable lines, there should be some found of an unequal dignity with the rest, nothing can be said for their vindication more, than, if they be faults, they are the faults of Virgil.

As I ought to be on this occasion an advocate for Ovid, who I think is too much run down at present by the critical spirit of this nation, I dare say I cannot be more effectually so, than by comparing him in many places with his admired contemporary Virgil ; and though the last certainly deserves the palm, I shall make use of Ovid's own lines, in the trial of strength betwixt Acheloüs and Hercules, to show how much he is honoured by the contention.

—— *Non tam
Turpe fuit vinci, quam contendisse decorum.*

Met. B. ix.

I shall finish my remarks on our author, by taking notice of the justness and perspicuity of his allegories, which are either physical or natural, moral or historical. Of the first kind is the fable of Apollo, or Python; in the explanation of this all the mythologists agree; exhalations and mists, being the constant effects of inundations, are here dissipated by the rays of the sun.

Of the second kind, are Actæon torn to pieces by his own pack of dogs, and Erisichthon starved by the disease of hunger. These two allegories seem to signify, that extravagance and luxury end in want.

Of the third, is the story of the rape of Europa. History says she was daughter to Agenor, and carried by the Candians in a galley, bearing a bull in the stern, in order to be married to one of their kings, named Jupiter.

This explanation gives an occasion for a digression, which is not altogether foreign to the present purpose; because it will be of use to justify Ovid on some other occasions, where he is censured for being too free with the characters of the gods. I was once representing the Metamorphoses as an excellent system of morality; but an illustrious lady (whose least advantage above her sex, is that of being one of the greatest princesses¹ in Europe)

¹ This probably was the Princess of Wales, consort of George II. to whom Garth inscribed his version of Ovid, in 1717.

objected, that the loose and immodest sallies of Jupiter did by no means confirm my assertion.

One must consider, that what appeared an absurdity in Ovid, is not so much his own fault as that of the times before him. The characters of the gods of the old heroic age represented them unjust in their actions, mutable in their designs, partial in their favours, ignorant of events, scurrilous in their language; some of the superior hierarchy treating one another with injurious brutalities; and are often guilty of such indecencies and misbehaviour, as the lowest of mortals would blush to own. Juno calls Diana, the goddess of chastity, *κύνον ἄδδεις*, brazenfaced bitch; Hom. Il. B. xxii. l. 481. Jupiter insults his daughter, the goddess of wisdom, for rashness and folly; bids Iris tell her, he will maul her coach-horses for her, like a surly bitch as she is; *ἄινοτάτη κύνον*: Il. B. viii. from line 400 to line 425, then threatens in another place to beat his wife, that divine vixen, the immortal partner of the empyreal throne, *καί σε πληγῇσιν ἰμάσσω*. Il. B. xv. l. 17.

The commentators may endeavour to hide those absurdities under the veil of allegories; but the reader that considers the whole texture of the Iliad will find, that the author's meaning, and their interpretation, are often as unlike as the imaginary heroes of his time are to the real ones of ours.

Allegories should be obvious, and not like meteors in the air, which represent a different figure to every different eye. Now they are armies of soldiers; now flocks of sheep; and by and by nothing.

Perhaps the critics of a more exalted taste

may discover such beauties in the ancient poetry, as may escape the comprehension of us pignies of a more limited genius. They may be able to fathom the divine sense of the pagan theology, whilst we aim at no more than to judge of a little common sense.

It is, and ever will be, a rule to a great many, to applaud and condemn with the general vogue, though never so ill grounded. The most are afraid of being particular; and, rather than strive against the stream, are proud of being in the wrong with the many, rather than desirous of being in the right with the few: and though they be convinced of the reasonableness of dissenting from the common cry, yet, out of a poor fear of censure, they contribute to establish it, and thus become an authority against others, who in reality are but of their own opinion.

Ovid was so far from paying a blind deference to the venerable name of his Grecian predecessor, in the character of his gods, that when Jupiter punishes Andromeda for the crimes of her mother, he calls him *injustus* Ammon, (Met. B. iv.) and takes commonly an honourable care of the decorum of the godhead, when their actions are consistent with the divinity of their character. His allegories include some religious or instructive moral, wrapped up in a peculiar perspicuity. The fable of Proserpina, being sometimes in hell and sometimes with Ceres her mother, can scarce mean any thing else than the sowing and coming up of corn. The various dresses that Vertumnus, the god of seasons, puts on, in his courtship of Pomona the garden-goddess, seem plainly to express the

different and most proper times for digging, planting, pruning, and gathering the increase. I shall be shorter on this head, because our countryman Mr. Sandys has, by a laborious search amongst the mythologists, been very full. He has annexed his explanations to the end of each book, which deserve to be recommended to those that are curious in this figurative learning.

The reader cannot fail of observing, how many excellent lessons of morality Ovid has given us in the course of his fables.

The story of Deucalion and Pyrrha teaches, that piety and innocence cannot miss of the divine protection; and that the only loss irreparable is that of our probity and justice.

That of Phæton; how the too great tenderness of the parent proves a cruelty to the child; and that he, who would climb to the seat of Jupiter, generally meets with his bolt by the way.

The tale of Baucis and Philemon is most inimitably told. He omits not the minutest circumstance of a cottage-life; and is much fuller than Virgil, where he brings in his contented old man Corycius, *Georg. iv.* Ovid represents a good old couple, happy and satisfied in a cleanly poverty; hospitable, and free of the few things that fortune had given them; moderate in desires; affectionate in their conjugal relation; so religious in life, that when they observed their homely cabin rising to a temple, all the bounty they asked of the gods they had entertained was, that they might do the office of priesthood there, and at their death not survive one another.

The stories of Lycaon and Pentheus, not only

deter from infidelity, and irreverence to the gods ; but the last also shows, that too great zeal produces the same effects as none at all, and that enthusiasm is often more cruel than atheism.

The story of Minos and Scylla represents the infamy of selling our country ; and teaches, that even they who love the crime, abhor the criminal.

In Cippus we find a noble magnanimity, and heavenly self-denial ; he preferred the good of the republic to his own private grandeur ; and chose, with an exemplary generosity, rather to live a private freeman out of Rome, than to command numbers of slaves in it.

From the story of Hercules we learn, that glory is a lady, who (like many others) loves to have her admirers suffer a great deal for her. The poet enumerates the labours of the hero ; shows how he conquered every thing for others, but nothing for himself ; then does him the poetical justice of an apotheosis, thinking it most fit that one who had borne the celestial orbs on his shoulders, should have a mansion amongst them.

From the assumption of Romulus ; that when war is at an end, the chief business of peace should be the enacting good laws ; that after a people are preserved from the enemy, the next care should be to preserve them from themselves ; and therefore the best legislators deserve a place amongst heroes and deities.

From Ariadne being inhumanly deserted by Theseus, and generously received by Bacchus, we find, that as there is nothing we can be sure of, so there is nothing we ought to despair of.

From Althea burning the brand ; that we should

take care lest, under the notion of justice, we should do a cruelty; for they that are set upon revenge, only endeavour to imitate the injury.

From Polyphemus making love to Galatea; one may observe, that the most deformed can find something to like in their own person. He examines his face in the stream, combs his rueful locks with a rake, grows more exact and studious of his dress, and discovers the first sign of being in love, by endeavouring at a more than usual care to please.

The fable of Cephalus and Procris confirms, that every trifle contributes to heighten the disease of jealousy; and that the most convincing proofs can scarce cure it.

From that of Hippomenes and Atalanta we may discover, that a generous present helps to persuade, as well as an agreeable person.

From Medea's flying from Pelias's court; that the offered favours of the impious should be always suspected; and that they, who design to make every one fear them, are afraid of every one.

From Myrrha; that shame is sometimes hard to be overcome; but if the sex once gets the better of it, it gives them afterwards no more trouble.

From Cenis; that effeminacy in youth may change to valour in manhood, and that as fame perishes, so does censure.

From Tereus; that one crime lays the foundation of many; and that the same person, who begins with lust, may conclude with murder.

From Midas; that no body can punish a covetous man worse than he punishes himself; that scarce

any thing would sometimes prove more fatal to us, than the completion of our own wishes; and that he who has the most desires, will certainly meet with the most disappointments.

From the Pythagorean philosophy, it may be observed, that man is the only animal who kills his fellow-creature without being angry.

From Proteus we have this lesson, that a statesman can put on any shape; can be a spaniel to the lion, and a lion to the spaniel; and that he knows not to be an enemy who knows not how to seem a friend; that if all crowns should change their ministry as often as they please, though they may be called other ministers, they are still the same men.

The legend of Æsculapius's voyage to Rome in form of a snake, seems to express the necessary sagacity required in professors of that art, for the readier insight into distempers; this reptile being celebrated by the ancient naturalists for a quick sight.

*Cur in amicorum vitium tam cernis acutum,
Quam aut aquila, aut serpens Epidaurius?*

Hor. Sat. iii. l. 26.

The venerable Epidaurian assumed the figure of an animal, without hands to take fees; and therefore grateful posterity honoured him with a temple. In this manner should wealthy physicians, upon proper occasions, practise, and thus their surviving patients reward.

If the Metamorphoses be attended to with a just application, and without prepossession, one

will be the less surprised at the author's prophetic spirit, relating to the duration and success of the work :

Jamque opus exegi, &c.

This prediction has so far proved true, that this poem has been, ever since, the magazine which has furnished the greatest poets of the following ages with fancy and allusions ; and the most celebrated painters with subjects and designs. Nor have his poetical predecessors and contemporaries paid less regard to their own performances :

*Insignemque meo capiti petere inde coronam,
Unde prius nulli velarint tempora Musæ.*

Lucr. B. i.

*Nemo me lacrumæis decoret, nec funera fletu
Facit ; quæ volito virum per ora virum.*

Eun. Frag.

—— *Tentanda via est, qua me quoque possim
Tollere humo, victorque virum volitare per ora.*

Virg. Georg. iii.

Me doctarum hedera præmia frontium

Diis miscent superis——

Hor. Od. i.

Again,

*Exegi monumentum ære perennius,
Regaliq; situ Pyramidum altius,
Quod non imber edux, non Aquilo impotens
Possit diruere, aut innumerabilis
Annorum series, et fuga temporum.*

Non omnis moriar.——

Hor. B. iii. Od. xxx.

The whole Ode is in a manner a continued compliment to his own writings : nor, in imitation of this celebrated author, want we poets of our present age, who have been pleased to rank themselves amongst their own admirers.

I have done with the original; and shall make no excuse for the length of the Preface, because it is in the power of the reader to make it as short as he pleases. I shall now conclude with a word or two about the version.

Translation is commonly either verbal, or paraphrase, or imitation: of the first is Mr. Sandys's, which I think the *Metamorphoses* can by no means allow of. It is agreed that the author left it unfinished; if it had undergone his last hand, it is more than probable that many superfluities had been retrenched. Where a poem is perfectly finished, the translation, with regard to particular idioms, cannot be too exact: by doing this, the sense of the author is more entirely his own, and the cast of the periods more faithfully preserved: but where a poem is tedious through exuberance, or dark through a hasty brevity, I think the translator may be excused for doing what the author, upon revising, would have done himself.

If Mr. Sandys had been of this opinion, perhaps other translations of the *Metamorphoses* had not been attempted.

A critic has observed, that in his version of this book he has scrupulously confined the number of his lines to those of the original. It is fit I should take the sum upon content, and be better bred than to count after him.

The manner that seems most suited for this present undertaking, is, neither to follow the author too close, out of a critical timoronsness; nor abandon him too wantonly, through a poetic boldness. The original should always be kept in view, without too apparent a deviation from the sense.

Where it is otherwise, it is not a version, but an imitation. The translator ought to be as intent to keep up the gracefulness of the poem, as artful to hide its imperfections; to copy its beauties, and to throw a shade over its blemishes; to be faithful to an idolatry, where the author excels; and to take the license of a little paraphrase, where penury of fancy or dryness of expression seem to ask for it.

The ingenious gentlemen concerned in this undertaking seem to be of this opinion; and therefore they have not only consulted the reputation of the author, but their own also. There is one of them has no other share in this compliment, than by being the occasion of engaging them that have, in obliging the public. He has also been so just to the memory and reputation of Mr. Dryden, as to give his incomparable lines the advantage of appearing so near his own.

I cannot pass by that admirable English poet, without endeavouring to make his country sensible of the obligations they have to his muse. Whether they consider the flowing grace of his versification; the vigorous sallies of his fancy, or the peculiar delicacy of his periods; they will discover excellencies never to be enough admired. If they trace him from the first productions of his youth to the last performances of his age, they will find, that as the tyranny of rhyme never imposed on the perspicuity of the sense, so a languid sense never wanted to be set off by the harmony of rhyme. And as his earlier works wanted no maturity; so this latter wanted no force or

spirit. The falling off of his hair had no other consequence than to make his laurels be seen the more.

As a translator he was just; as an inventor he was rich. His versions of some parts of Lucretius, Horace, Homer, and Virgil throughout, gave him a just pretence to that compliment which was made to Monsieur d'Ablancourt, a celebrated French translator: 'It is uncertain who have the greatest obligations to him, the dead or the living.'

With all these wondrous talents, he was libelled in his lifetime by the very men, who had no other excellencies, but as they were his imitators. Where he was allowed to have sentiments superior to all others, they charged him with theft. But how did he steal? no otherwise than like those that steal beggars' children, only to clothe them the better.

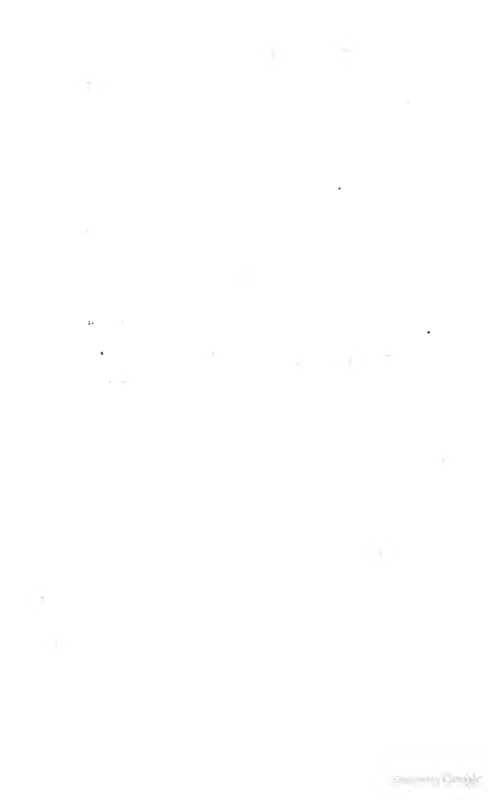
It is to be lamented, that gentlemen still continue this unfair behaviour, and treat one another every day with most injurious libels. The Muses should be ladies of a chaste and fair behaviour: when they are otherwise, they are furies. It is certain that Parnassus is at best but a barren mountain, and its inhabitants contrive to make it more so by their unneighbourly deportment; the authors are the only corporation that endeavour at the ruin of their own society. Every day may convince them, how much a rich fool is respected above a poor wit. The only talents in esteem at present are those of Exchange-alley: one tally is worth a grove of bays; and it is of much more

consequence to be well read in the tables of interest, and the rise and fall of stocks, than in the revolutions of empires.

Mr. Dryden is still a sad and shameful instance of this truth: the man that could make kings immortal, and raise triumphant arches to heroes, now wants a poor square foot of stone, to show where the ashes of one of the greatest poets, that ever was upon earth, are deposited ².

² From Dryden's death in 1700, there was no memorial placed over his remains in Westminster-abbey till the year 1720, when the present simple monument was erected by Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham. Dr. Garth had pronounced a Latin oration over the poet's body.

See Mr. W. Scott's Edition of Dryden's Works,
8vo. 1808.



OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK I.

TRANSLATED BY DRYDEN.

OF bodies chang'd to various forms I sing:
Ye gods, from whom these miracles did spring,
Inspire my numbers with celestial heat,
Till I my long laborious work complete ;
And add perpetual tenour to my rhymes,
Deduc'd from nature's birth to Cæsar's times.

Before the seas and this terrestrial ball,
And heaven's high canopy that covers all,
One was the face of nature ; if a face ;
Rather a rude and indigested mass :
A lifeless lump, unfashion'd and unfram'd,
Of jarring seeds, and justly Chaos nam'd.
No sun was lighted up, the world to view ;
No moon did yet her blunted horns renew ;
Nor yet was earth suspended in the sky ;
Nor, pois'd, did on her own foundations lie ;
Nor seas about the shores their arms had thrown ;
But earth, and air, and water, were in one.
Thus air was void of light, and earth unstable,
And water's dark abyss unnavigable.

No certain form on any was impress'd ;
All were confus'd, and each disturb'd the rest.
For hot and cold were in one body fix'd ;
And soft with hard, and light with heavy mix'd.

But god or nature, while they thus contend,
To these intestine discords put an end ;
'Then earth from air, and seas from earth were driv'n,
And grosser air sunk from ethereal heav'n.
'Thus disembroil'd, they take their proper place ; }
The next of kin contiguously embrace ; }
And foes are sunder'd, by a larger space. }
The force of fire ascended first on high,
And took its dwelling in the vaulted sky :
Then air succeeds, in lightness next to fire ;
Whose atoms from unactive earth retire.
Earth sinks beneath, and draws a numerous throng
Of pond'rous, thick, unwieldy seeds along :
About her coasts unruly waters roar ;
And, rising on a ridge, insult the shore.
Thus when the god, whatever god was he,
Had form'd the whole, and made the parts agree,
That no unequal portions might be found,
He moulded earth into a spacious round :
Then with a breath, he gave the winds to blow ;
And had the congregated waters flow.
He adds the running springs, and standing lakes,
And bounding banks for winding rivers makes.
Some part in earth are swallow'd up, the most
In ample oceans, disembogu'd, are lost.
He shades the woods, the valleys he restrains
With rocky mountains, and extends the plains.
And as five zones the' ethereal regions bind,
Five, correspondent, are to earth assign'd :
The sun with rays, directly darting down,
Fires all beneath, and fires the middle zone :

The two beneath the distant poles complain
Of endless winter, and perpetual rain.
Betwixt the' extremes, two happier climates hold
The temper that partakes of hot and cold.
The fields of liquid air, inclosing all,
Surround the compass of this earthly ball :
The lighter parts lie next the fires above,
The grosser near the watry surface move :
Thick clouds are spread, and storms engender }
there, }
And thunder's voice, which wretched mortals fear, }
And winds that on their wings cold winter bear. }
Nor were those blustering brethren left at large,
On seas and shores, their fury to discharge :
Bound as they are, and circumscrib'd in place,
They rend the world, resistless where they pass ;
And mighty marks of mischief leave behind ;
Such is the rage of their tempestuous kind.
First Eurus to the rising morn is sent,
(The regions of the balmy continent ;)
And eastern realms, where early Persians run,
To greet the bless'd appearance of the sun.
Westward, the wanton Zephyr wings his flight,
Pleas'd with the remnants of departing light ;
Fierce Boreas, with his offspring, issues forth
To' invade the frozen waggon of the north ;
While frowning Anster seeks the southern sphere,
And rots with endless rain the' unwholesome year.
High o'er the clouds, and empty realms of wind,
The god a clearer space for heaven design'd ;
Where fields of light and liquid ether flow,
Purg'd from the pondrous dregs of earth below.
Scarce had the power distinguish'd these, when
straight
The stars, no longer overlaid with weight,

Exert their heads, from underneath the mass;
And upward shoot, and kindle as they pass,
And with diffusive light adorn their heavenly
place. }

Then, every void of nature to supply,
With forms of gods he fills the vacant sky:
New herds of beasts he sends, the plains to share; }
New colonies of birds, to people air; }
And to their oozy beds the finny fish repair. }

A creature of a more exalted kind
Was wanting yet, and then was man design'd:
Conscious of thought, of more capacious breast,
For empire form'd, and fit to rule the rest:
Whether with particles of heavenly fire
The god of nature did his soul inspire,
Or earth, but new divided from the sky,
And pliant, still retain'd the' ethereal energy;
Which wise Prometheus temper'd into paste,
And, mix'd with living streams, the godlike image
cast.

Thus, while the mute creation downward bend
Their sight, and to their earthly mother tend,
Man looks aloft; and with erected eyes
Beholds his own hereditary skies.
From such rude principles our form began;
And earth was metamorphos'd into man.

THE GOLDEN AGE.

The golden age was first; when man, yet new, }
No rule but uncorrupted reason knew, }
And, with a native bent, did good pursue. }
Unforc'd by punishment, unaw'd by fear,
His words were simple, and his soul sincere;
Needless was written law, where none oppress'd:
The law of man was written in his breast!

No suppliant crowds before the judge appear'd, }
 No court erected yet, nor cause was heard ; }
 But all was safe, for conscience was their guard. }
 The mountain-trees in distant prospect please,
 Ere yet the pine descended to the seas ;
 Ere sails were spread, new oceans to explore ; }
 And happy mortals, unconcern'd for more, }
 Confin'd their wishes to their native shore. }
 No walls were yet ; nor fence, nor mote, nor mound,
 Nor drum was heard, nor trumpet's angry sound :
 Nor swords were forg'd ; but, void of care and crime,
 The soft creation slept away their time.
 The teeming earth, yet guiltless of the plough,
 And unprovok'd, did fruitful stores allow :
 Content with food, which nature freely bred,
 On wildings and on strawberries they fed ;
 Cornels and bramble-berries gave the rest,
 And falling acorns furnish'd out a feast.
 The flowers, unsown, in fields and meadows reign'd ;
 And western winds immortal spring main-tain'd.
 In following years, the bearded corn ensu'd
 From earth unask'd, nor was that earth renew'd.
 From veins of valleys, milk and nectar broke ;
 And honey sweating through the pores of oak.

THE SILVER AGE.

But when good Saturn, banish'd from above,
 Was driven to hell, the world was under Jove.
 Succeeding times a silver age behold,
 Excelling brass, but more excell'd by gold.
 Then summer, autumn, winter, did appear ;
 And spring was but a season of the year.
 The sun his annual course obliquely made,
 Good days contracted, and enlarg'd the bad.

Then air with sultry heats began to glow ;
The wings of winds were clog'd with ice and snow ;
And shivering mortals, into houses driven,
Sought shelter from the' inclemency of heav'n.
Those houses then were caves, or homely sheds,
With twining osiers fenc'd ; and moss their beds.
Then ploughs, for seed, the fruitful furrows broke,
And oxen labour'd first beneath the yoke.

THE BRAZEN AGE.

• To this came next in course the brazen age :
A warlike offspring, prompt to bloody rage,
Not impious yet——

THE IRON AGE.

——Hard steel succeeded then ;
And stubborn as the metal were the men.
Truth, modesty, and shame, the world forsook ;
Fraud, avarice, and force, their places took.
Then sails were spread to every wind that blew,
Raw were the sailors, and the depths were new ;
Trees, rudely hollow'd, did the waves sustain,
Ere ships in triumph plough'd the watry plain.

Then landmarks limited to each his right ;
For all before was common as the light.
Nor was the ground alone requir'd to bear
Her annual income to the crooked share ;
But greedy mortals, rummaging her store,
Dig'd from her entrails first the precious ore,
Which next to hell the prudent gods had laid,
And that alluring ill to sight display'd.
Thus curs'd steel, and more accurs'd gold,
Gave mischief birth, and made that mischief bold :

And double death did wretched man invade,
By steel assaulted, and by gold betray'd.
Now (brandish'd weapons glittering in their hands)
Mankind is broken loose from moral bands;
No rights of hospitality remain:
The guest, by him who harbour'd him, is slain;
The son-in-law pursues the father's life;
The wife her husband murders; he, the wife.
The step-dame poison for the son prepares;
The son inquires into his father's years.
Faith flies, and piety in exile mourns;
And justice, here oppress'd, to heaven returns.

THE GIANT'S WAR.

Nor were the gods themselves more safe above;
Against beleaguer'd heaven the giants move.
Hills pil'd on hills, on mountains mountains lie,
To make their mad approaches to the sky:
Till Jove, no longer patient, took his time
To' avenge with thunder their audacious crime:
Red lightning play'd along the firmament,
And their demolish'd works to pieces rent.
Sing'd with the flames, and with the bolts transfix'd,
With native earth their blood the monsters mix'd.
The blood, indued with animating heat,
Did in the' impregnant earth new sons beget:
They, like the seed from which they sprung, accurs'd,
Against the gods immortal hatred nurs'd;
An impious, arrogant, and cruel brood,
Expressing their original from blood.

Which when the king of gods beheld from high
(Withal revolving in his memory,
What he himself had found on earth of late,
Lycaön's guilt, and his inhuman treat),

He sigh'd ; nor longer with his pity strove ;
But kindled to a wrath becoming Jove :—

Then call'd a general council of the gods ;
Who, summon'd, issue from their bless'd abodes,
And fill the' assembly with a shining train.
A way there is, in heaven's expanded plain,
Which, when the skies are clear, is seen below,
And mortals by the name of milky know.
The groundwork is of stars ; through which the road
Lies open to the thunderer's abode ;
The gods of greater nations dwell around,
And, on the right and left, the palace bound ;
The commons where they can ; the nobler sort
With winding doors wide open, front the court.
This place, as far as earth with heaven may vie,
I dare to call the Louvre of the sky.
When all were plac'd, in seats distinctly known,
And he, their father, had assum'd the throne,
Upon his ivory sceptre first he leant,
Then shook his head, that shook the firmament :
Air, earth, and seas, obey'd the' almighty nod,
And with a general fear confess'd the god.
At length, with indignation, thus he broke
His awful silence, and the powers bespoke.

‘ I was not more concern'd in that debate
Of empire, when our universal state
Was put to hazard, and the giant-race
Our captive skies were ready to embrace :
For though the foe was fierce, the seeds of all
Rebellion sprung from one original ;
Now wheresoever ambient waters glide,
All are corrupt, and all must be destroy'd.
Let me this holy protestation make,
By hell, and hell's inviolable lake,

I try'd whatever in the godhead lay ;
But gangren'd members must be lop'd away }
Before the nobler parts are tainted to decay. }
There dwells below a race of demi-gods,
Of nymphs in waters, and of fawns in woods,
Who, though not worthy yet in heaven to live,
Let 'em, at least, enjoy that earth we give.
Can these be thought securely lodg'd below,
When I myself, who no superior know,
I, who have heaven and earth at my command,
Have been attempted by Lycaön's hand ?

At this a murmur through the synod went,
And with one voice they vote his punishment.
Thus, when conspiring traitors dar'd to doom
The fall of Cæsar, and in him of Rome,
The nations trembled with a pious fear,
All anxious for their earthly thunderer ;
Nor was their care, O Cæsar ! less esteem'd
By thee, than that of heaven for Jove was deem'd :
Who with his hand, and voice, did first restrain
Their murmurs, then resum'd his speech again.
The gods to silence were compos'd, and sate
With reverence due to his superior state.

‘ Cancel your pious cares ; already he
Has paid his debt to justice and to me.
Yet what his crimes, and what my judgments were,
Remains for me thus briefly to declare.
The clamours of this vile degenerate age,
The cries of orphans, and the oppressor's rage,
Had reach'd the stars ; I will descend, said I,
In hope to prove this loud complaint a lie.
Disguis'd in human shape, I travell'd round
The world, and more than what I heard, I found.

O'er Mænalus I took my steepy way,
By caverns infamous for beasts of prey;
Then cross'd Cyllené, and the piny shade
More infamous, by curs'd Lycaön made.
Dark night had cover'd heaven and earth, before
I enter'd his inhospitable door:
Just at my entrance, I display'd the sign
That somewhat was approaching of divine.
The prostrate people pray; the tyrant grins;
And, adding profanation to his sins,
"I'll try," said he, "and if a god appear,
To prove his deity shall cost him dear."
'Twas late; the graceless wretch my death prepares,
When I should soundly sleep, oppress'd with cares;
This dire experiment he chose, to prove
If I were mortal, or undoubted Jove.
But first he had resolv'd to taste my pow'r;
Not long before, but in a luckless hour,
Some legates, sent from the Molossian state,
Were on a peaceful errand come to treat:
Of these he murders one, he boils the flesh,
And lays the mangled morsels in a dish:
Some part he roasts; then serves it up, so dress'd,
And bids me welcome to this human feast.
Mov'd with disdain, the table I o'erturn'd,
And with avenging flames the palace burn'd:
The tyrant, in a fright, for shelter gains
The neighbouring fields, and scours along the plains.
Howling he fled, and fain he would have spoke;
But human voice his brutal tongue forsook.
About his lips the gather'd foam he churns,
And, breathing slaughters, still with rage he burns; }
But on the bleating flock his fury turns.

His mantle, now his hide, with rugged hairs
 Cleaves to his back ; a famish'd face he bears ;
 His arms descend, his shoulders sink away
 To multiply his legs for chase of prey.
 He grows a wolf, his hoariness remains,
 And the same rage in other members reigns.
 His eyes still sparkle in a narrower space ;
 His jaws retain the grin and violence of his face.

‘ This was a single ruin, but not one
 Deserves so just a punishment alone.’
 Mankind’s a monster, and the’ ungodly times,
 Confederate into guilt, are sworn to crimes.
 All are alike involv’d in ill ; and all
 Must by the same relentless fury fall.’

Thus ended he ; the greater gods assent ;
 By clamour urging his severe intent ;
 The less fill up the cry for punishment.
 Yet still with pity they remember man,
 And mourn as much as heavenly spirits can.
 They ask, ‘ when those were lost of human birth,
 What he would do with all this waste of earth ?
 If his dispeopled world he would resign
 To beasts, a nute and more ignoble line ;
 Neglected altars must no longer smoke,
 If none were left to worship and invoke.’
 To whom the father of the gods replied :—
 ‘ Lay that unnecessary fear aside ;
 Mine be the care new people to provide.
 I will from wondrous principles ordain
 A race unlike the first, and try my skill again.’

Already had he toss’d the flaming brand,
 And roll’d the thunder in his spacious hand,
 Preparing to discharge on seas and land ;

But stop'd, for fear, thus violently driv'n,
The sparks should catch the axle-tree of heav'n.
Remembring in the fates, a time when fire
Should to the battlements of heaven aspire,
And all his blazing worlds above should burn ;
And all the' inferior globe to cinders turn.
His dire artillery thus dismiss'd, he bent
His thoughts to some securer punishment :
Concludes to pour a watry deluge down ;
And what he durst not burn, resolves to drown.

The northern breath, that freezes floods, he binds,
With all the race of cloud-dispelling winds ;
The south he loos'd, who night and horror brings ;
And frogs are shaken from his flaggy wings.
From his divided beard two streams he pours,
His head and rheumy eyes distil in show'rs.
With rain his robe and heavy mantle flow,
And lazy mists are lowring on his brow ;
Still as he swept along, with his clencl'd fist
Hesqueez'd the clouds, the' imprison'd clouds resist :
The skies, from pole to pole, with peals resound ;
And showers enlarg'd, come pouring on the ground.
Then, clad in colours of a various dye,
Jumonian Iris breeds a new supply
To feed the clouds : impetuous rain descends ;
The bearded corn beneath the burden bends ;
Defrauded clowns deplore their perish'd grain ;
And the long labours of the year are vain.

Nor from his patrimonial heaven alone
Is Jove content to pour his vengeance down ;
Aid from his brother of the seas he craves,
To help him with auxiliary waves.
The watry tyrant calls his brooks and floods,
Who roll from mossy caves (their moist abodes),

And with perpetual urns his palace fill:
To whom, in brief, he thus imparts his will.

‘ Small exhortation needs ; your powers employ ;
And this bad world, so Jove requires, destroy.
Let loose the reins to all your watry store :
Bear down the dams, and open every door.’

The floods, by nature enemies to land,
Aud proudly swelling with their new command,
Remove the living stones that stop’d their way ;
And, gushing from their source, augment the sea.
Then, with his mace, their monarch struck the
ground ;

Withinward trembling, earth receiv’d the wound ;
And rising streams a ready passage found. }
The’ expanded waters gather on the plain :
They float the fields, and over-top the grain ;
Then rushing onwards, with a sweepy sway,
Bear flocks and folds and labouring hinds away.
Nor safe their dwellings were ; for, sap’d by floods,
Their houses fell upon their household gods.
The solid piles, too strongly built to fall,
High o’er their heads behold a watry wall :
Now seas and earth were in confusion lost ;
A world of waters, and without a coast.

One climbs a cliff ; one in his boat is borne,
And ploughs above, where late he sow’d his corn ;
Others o’er chimney-tops and turrets row,
And drop their anchors on the meads below ;
Or, downward driv’n, they bruise the tender vine,
Or, toss’d aloft, are knock’d against a pine.
And where of late the kids had crop’d the grass,
The monsters of the deep now take their place.
Insulting Nereids on the cities ride,
And wondering dolphins o’er the palace glide.

On leaves, and masts of mighty oaks, they brouse ;
And their broad fins entangle in the boughs.
The frightened wolf now swims amongst the sheep ;
The yellow lion wanders in the deep ;
His rapid force no longer helps the boar ;
The stag swims faster than he ran before.
The fowls, long beating on their wings in vain,
Despair of land, and drop into the main.
Now hills and vales no more distinction know ;
And levell'd nature lies oppress'd below.
The most of mortals perish in the flood :
The small remainder dies for want of food.

A mountain of stupendous height there stands
Betwixt the' Athenian and Bœotian lands,
The bound offruitful fields, while fields they were ;
But then a field of waters did appear :
Parnassus is its name ; whose forky rise
Mounts through the clouds, and mates the lofty skies.
High on the summit of this dubious cliff,
Deucalion wafting, moor'd his little skiff.
He with his wife were only left behind
Of perish'd man ; they two were human kind.
The mountain nymphs and Themis they adore,
And from her oracles relief implore.
The most upright of mortal men was he ;
The most sincere, and holy woman, she.

When Jupiter, surveying earth from high,
Beheld it in a lake of water lie,
That where so many millions lately liv'd,
But two, the best of either sex, surviv'd ;
He loos'd the northern wind ; fierce Borcas flies
To puff away the clouds, and purge the skies :
Serenely, while he blows, the vapours driv'n,
Discover heaven to earth, and earth to heaven.

The billows fall, while Neptune lays his mace
On the rough sea, and smooths its furrow'd face.
Already Triton, at his call, appears
Above the waves ; a Tyrian robe he wears ;
And in his hand a crooked trumpet bears. }
The sovereign bids him peaceful sounds inspire,
And give the waves the signal to retire.
His writhen shell he takes ; whose narrow vent
Grows by degrees into a large extent ;
Then gives it breath ; the blast, with doubling sound,
Runs the wide circuit of the world around.
The sun first heard it, in his early east,
And met the rattling echoes in the west.
The waters, listening to the trumpet's roar,
Obey the summons, and forsake the shore.

A thin circumference of land appears ;
And earth, but not at once, her visage rears,
And peeps upon the seas from upper grounds ;
The streams, but just contain'd within their bounds,
By slow degrees into their channels crawl ;
And earth increases as the waters fall.
In longer time the tops of trees appear,
Which mud on their dishonour'd branches bear.

At length the world was all restor'd to view ;
But desolate, and of a sickly hue :
Nature beheld herself, and stood aghast,
A dismal desert, and a silent waste.

Which when Deucalion, with a piteous look
Beheld, he wept, and thus to Pyrrha spoke :
' Oh wife, oh sister, oh ! of all thy kind
The best and only creature left behind ;
By kindred, love, and now by dangers join'd ;
Of multitudes, who breath'd the common air,
We two remain : a species in a pair :

The rest the seas have swallow'd ; nor have we
Ev'n of this wretched life a certainty.
The clouds are still above ; and while I speak,
A second deluge o'er our heads may break.
Should I be snatch'd from hence, and thou remain, }
Without relief, or partner of thy pain, }
How couldst thou such a wretched life sustain? }
Should I be left, and thou be lost, the sea
That buried her I lov'd should bury me.
Oh, could our father his old arts inspire,
And make me heir of his informing fire,
That so I might abolish'd man retrieve,
And perish'd people in new souls might live!
But heaven is pleas'd, (nor ought we to complain)
That we, the examples of mankind, remain.
He said : the careful couple join their tears,
And then invoke the gods with pious prayers.
Thus, in devotion having eas'd their grief,
From sacred oracles they seek relief,
And to Cephissus' brook their way pursue :
The stream was troubled, but the ford they knew ;
With living waters in the fountain bred, }
They sprinkle first their garments and their head, }
Then took the way which to the temple led.
The roofs were all defil'd with moss and mire,
The desert altars void of solemn fire.
Before the gradual, prostrate they ador'd ;
The pavement kiss'd, and thus the saint implor'd.
 ' O righteous Themis ! if the powers above
By prayers are bent to pity and to love ;
If human miseries can move their mind ;
If yet they can forgive and yet be kind ;
Tell how we may restore, by second birth,
Mankind, and people desolated earth.'

Then thus the gracious goddess, nodding, said :
' Depart, and with your vestments veil your head ;
And stooping lowly down, with loosen'd zones,
Throw each behind your backs your mighty mother's bones.'

Amaz'd the pair, and mute with wonder stand,
Till Pyrrha first refus'd the dire command.
' Forbid it heaven !' said she, ' that I should tear
Those holy relics from the sepulchre.'
They ponder'd the mysterious words again,
For some new sense ; and long they sought in vain :
At length Dencalion clear'd his cloudy brow,
And said : ' The dark enigma will allow
A meaning, which if well I understand,
From sacrilege will free the god's command.
This earth our mighty mother is, the stones
In her capacious body are her bones ;
These we must cast behind.' With hope and fear,
The woman did the new solution hear :
The man diffides in his own augury,
And doubts the gods ; yet both resolve to try.
Descending from the mount, they first unbind
Their vests ; and, veil'd, they cast the stones behind ;
The stones (a miracle to mortal view,
But long tradition makes it pass for true)
Did first the rigour of their kind expel,
And suppl'd into softness as they fell ;
Thenswell'd ; and, swelling, by degrees grew warm,
And took the rudiments of human form.
Imperfect shapes : in marble such are seen,
When the rude chisel does the man begin ;
While yet the roughness of the stone remains,
Without the rising muscles and the veins.

The sappy parts, and next resembling juice,
 Were turn'd to moisture, for the body's use,
 Supplying humours, blood, and nourishment ;
 The rest, too solid to receive a bent,
 Converts to bones ; and what was once a vein,
 Its former name and nature did retain.
 By help of power divine, in little space
 What the man threw assum'd a manly face ;
 And what the wife, renew'd the female race. }
 Hence we derive our nature, born to bear
 Laborious life, and harden'd into care.

The rest of animals, from teeming earth
 Produc'd, in various forms receiv'd their birth
 The native moisture, in its close retreat,
 Digested by the sun's ethereal heat,
 As in a kindly womb, began to breed,
 Then swell'd, and quicken'd by the vital seed :
 And some in less, and some in longer space,
 Were ripen'd into form, and took a several face.
 Thus when the Nile from Pharian fields is fled,
 And seeks, with ebbing tides, his ancient bed,
 The fat manure with heavenly fire is warm'd,
 And crusted creatures, as in wombs, are form'd ;
 These, when they turn the glebe, the peasants find ;
 Some rude, and yet unfinish'd in their kind ;
 Short of their limbs, a lame imperfect birth ;
 One half alive, and one of lifeless earth.

For heat and moisture, when in bodies join'd,
 The temper that results from either kind
 Conception makes ; and fighting till they mix,
 Their mingled atoms in each other fix.
 Thus nature's hand the genial bed prepares
 With friendly discord, and with fruitful wars.

From hence the surface of the ground with mud
 And slime besmear'd, (the fæces of the flood)
 Receiv'd the rays of heaven, and, sucking in
 The seeds of heat, new creatures did begin:
 Some were of several sorts produc'd before,
 But of new monsters, earth created more.
 Unwillingly, but yet she brought to light
 Thee, Python, too, the wondering world to fright, }
 And the new nations, with so dire a sight :
 So monstrous was his bulk, so large a space
 Did his vast body and long train embrace,
 Whom Phœbus basking on a bank espy'd ;
 Ere now the god his arrows had not try'd,
 But on the trembling deer, or mountain goat ;
 At this new quarry he prepares to shoot.
 Though every shaft took place, he spent the store }
 Of his full quiver; and 'twas long before
 The' expiring serpent wallow'd in his gore.
 Then, to preserve the fame of such a deed,
 For Python slain, he Pythian games decreed ;
 Where noble youths for mastership should strive,
 To quoit, to run, and steeds and chariots drive.
 The prize was fame : in witness of renown
 An oaken garland did the victor crown.
 The laurel was not yet for triumphs born ;
 But every green alike by Phœbus worn, [adorn. }
 Did, with promiscuous grace, his flowing locks

THE TRANSFORMATION OF DAPHNE INTO A
LAUREL.

The first and fairest of his loves was she
 Whom not blind fortune, but the dire decree
 Of angry Cupid, forc'd him to desire :
 Daphne her name, and Peneus was her sire.

Swell'd with the pride that new success attends,
He sees the stripling while his bow he bends,
And thus insults him : ' Thou lascivious boy,
Are arms like these for children to employ?
Know, such achievements are my proper claim,
Due to my vigour, and unerring aim :
Resistless are my shafts, and Python late
In such a feather'd death has found his fate.
Take up thy torch, (and lay my weapons by)
With that the feeble souls of lovers fry.'
To whom the son of Venus thus reply'd :
' Phœbus, thy shafts are sure on all beside,
But mine on Phœbus ; mine the fame shall be
Of all thy conquests, when I conquer thee.'

He said ; and, soaring, swiftly wing'd his flight,
Nor stop'd but on Parnassus' airy height.
Two different shafts he from his quiver draws ;
One to repel desire, and one to cause.
One shaft is pointed with refulgent gold ;
To bribe the love, and make the lover bold :
One blunt, and tip'd with lead, whose base alloy
Provokes disdain, and drives desire away.
The blunted bolt against the nymph he dress'd ;
But with the sharp transfix'd Apollo's breast.

The enamour'd deity pursues the chase ;
The scornful damsel shuns his loath'd embrace :
In hunting beasts of prey her youth employs,
And Phœbe rivals in her rural joys.
With naked neck she goes, and shoulders bare ;
And with a fillet binds her flowing hair.
By many suitors sought, she mocks their pains,
And still her vow'd virginity maintains.
Impatient of a yoke, the name of bride
She shuns, and hates the joys she never try'd.

On wilds and woods she fixes her desire,
 Nor knows what youth and kindly love inspire.
 Her father chides her oft : ' Thou ow'st,' says he,
 ' A husband to thyself, a son to me.'
 She like a crime abhors the nuptial bed ;
 She glows with blushes, and she hangs her head ;
 Then casting round his neck her tender arms,
 Soothes him with blandishments, and filial charms :
 ' Give me, my lord,' said she, ' to live and die
 A spotless maid, without the marriage-tie.
 'Tis but a small request ; I beg no more
 Than what Diana's father gave before.'
 The good old sire was soften'd to consent ;
 But said her wish would prove her punishment :
 For so much youth and so much beauty join'd,
 Oppos'd the state which her desires design'd.

The god of light, aspiring to her bed,
 Hopes what he seeks, with flattering fancies fed, }
 And is by his own oracles misled.
 And as in empty fields the stubble burns,
 Or nightly travellers, when day returns,
 Their useless torches on dry hedges throw,
 That catch the flames, and kindle all the row,
 So burns the god, consuming in desire,
 And feeding in his breast a fruitless fire.
 Her well-turn'd neck he view'd, (her neck was bare)
 And on her shoulders her dishevell'd hair :
 ' Oh, were it comb'd,' said he, ' with what a grace
 Would every waving curl become her face !'
 He view'd her eyes, like heavenly lamps that shone ;
 He view'd her lips, too sweet to view alone ;
 Her taper fingers, and her panting breast ;
 He praises all he sees, and for the rest }
 Believes the beauties yet unseen are best :

Swift as the wind, the damsel fled away,
Nor did for these alluring speeches stay :
' Stay, nymph,' he cried, ' I follow, not a foe.
Thus from the lion trips the trembling doe ;
Thus from the wolf the frighten'd lamb removes ;
And, from pursuing falcons, fearful doves ;
Thou shunn'st a god, and shunn'st a god that loves. }
Ah, lest some thorn should pierce thy tender foot,
Or thou shouldst fall in flying my pursuit !
To sharp uneven ways thy steps decline ;
Abate thy speed, and I will bate of mine.
Yet think from whom thou dost so rashly fly ;
Nor basely born, nor shepherd's swain am I.
Perhaps thou know'st not my superior state ;
And from that ignorance proceeds thy hate.
Me Claros, Delphos, Tenedos, obey ;
These hands the Patarcian sceptre sway.
The king of gods begot me : what shall be,
Or is, or ever was, in fate, I see.
Mine is the' invention of the charming lyre ;
Sweet notes, and heavenly numbers, I inspire.
Sure is my bow, unerring is my dart ;
But ah ! more deadly his who pierc'd my heart.
Med'cine is mine ; what herbs and simples grow }
In fields and forests, all their powers I know ; }
And am the great physician call'd, below.
Alas, that fields and forests can afford
No remedies to heal their love-sick lord !
To cure the pains of love no plant avails ;
And his own physic the physician fails.'

She heard not half, so furiously she flies ;
And on her ear the' imperfect accent dies.
Fear gave her wings ; and as she fled, the wind
Increasing, spread her flowing hair behind ;

And left her legs and thighs expos'd to view,
Which made the god more eager to pursue.
The god was young, and was too hotly bent
To lose his time in empty compliment;
But led by love, and fir'd with such a sight,
Impetuously pursued his near delight.

As when the impatient greyhound slip'd from far,
Bounds o'er the glebe to course the fearful hare,
She in her speed does all her safety lay,
And he with double speed pursues the prey;
O'erruns her at the sitting turn, and licks
His chaps in vain, and blows upon the flix:
She'scapes, and for the neighbouring covert strives,
And, gaining shelter, doubts if yet she lives:
If little things with great we may compare,
Such was the god, and such the flying fair;
She, urg'd by fear, her feet did swiftly move,
But he more swiftly who was urg'd by love.
He gathers ground upon her in the chase,
Now breathes upon her hair, with nearer pace; }
And just is fastening on the wish'd embrace.
The nymph grew pale, and in a mortal fright,
Spent with the labour of so long a flight,
And now despairing, cast a mournful look
Upon the streams of her paternal brook;
'Oh help,' she cried, 'in this extremest need!
If water-gods are deities indeed:
Gape earth, and this unhappy wretch intomb;
Or change my form, whence all my sorrows come.'
Scarce had she finish'd, when her feet she found
Benumb'd with cold, and fasten'd to the ground;
A filmy rind about her body grows;
Her hair to leaves, her arms extend to boughs:

The nymph is all into a laurel gone ;
The smoothness of her skin remains alone.
Yet Phœbus loves her still, and casting round
Her bole his arms, some little warmth he found.
The tree still panted in the' unfinish'd part,
Not wholly vegetive, and heav'd her heart.
He fix'd his lips upon the trembling rind ;
It swerv'd aside, and his embrace declin'd.
To whom the god : ' Because thou canst not be
My mistress, I espouse thee for my tree :
Be thou the prize of honour and renown,
The deathless poet, and the poem crown.
Thou shalt the Roman festivals adorn,
And, after poets, be by victors worn.
Thou shalt returning Cæsar's triumph grace,
When poms shall in a long procession pass ;
Wreath'd on the post before his palace wait,
And be the sacred guardian of the gate.
Secure from thunder, and unharm'd by Jove,
Unfading as th' immortal powers above ;
And as the locks of Phœbus are unshorn,
So shall perpetual green thy boughs adorn.'
The grateful tree was pleas'd with what he said ;
And shook the shady honours of her head.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF IÖ INTO A HEIFER.

An ancient forest in Thessalia grows,
Which Tempe's pleasing valley does inclose ;
Through this the rapid Peneus takes his course,
From Pindus rolling with impetuous force ;
Mists from the river's mighty fall arise,
And deadly damps inclose the cloudy skies :
Perpetual fogs are hanging o'er the wood,
And sounds of waters deaf the neighbourhood.

Deep, in a rocky cave, he makes abode,
 (A mansion proper for a mourning god).
 Here he gives audience ; issuing out decrees
 To rivers, his dependent deities.
 On this occasion hither they resort,
 To pay their homage, and to make their court.
 All doubtful, whether to congratulate
 His daughter's honour, or lament her fate.
 Sperchæus, crown'd with poplar, first appears ;
 Then old Apidannus came crown'd with years :
 Enipeus turbulent, Amphrysos tame ;
 And Æas last, with lagging waters came.
 Then, of his kindred brooks, a numerous throng
 Condole his loss, and bring their urns along.
 Not one was wanting of the watery train,
 That fill'd his flood, or mingled with the main,
 But Inachus, who in his cave, alone,
 Wept not another's losses, but his own ;
 For his dear Iö, whether stray'd or dead,
 To him uncertain, doubtful tears he shed.
 He sought her through the world ; but sought in vain :
 And no where finding, rather fear'd her slain.

Her, just returning from her father's brook,
 Jove had beheld with a desiring look ;
 And, ' Oh fair daughter of the flood ! ' he said,
 Worthy alone of Jove's imperial bed,
 Happy whoever shall those charms possess ;
 The king of gods (nor is thy lover less)
 Invites thee to yon cooler shades ; to shun
 The scorching rays of the meridian sun.
 Nor shalt thou tempt the dangers of the grove
 Alone, without a guide ; thy guide is Jove ;
 No puny power, but he whose high command
 Is unconfi'd ; who rules the seas and land ;
 And tempers thunder in his awful hand.

}

Oh, fly not!—for she fled from his embrace
O'er Lerna's pastures ; he pursued the chase
Along the shades of the Lyrcean plain :
At length the god, who never asks in vain,
Involv'd with vapours, imitating night,
Both air and earth ; and then suppress'd her flight, }
And, mingling force with love, enjoy'd the full }
delight.

Meantime the jealous Juno, from on high,
Survey'd the fruitful fields of Arcady ;
And wonder'd that the mist should overrun
The face of daylight, and obscure the sun.
No natural cause she found, from brooks or bogs,
Or marshy lowlands, to produce the fogs :
Then round the skies she sought for Jupiter,
Her faithless husband ; but no Jove was there.
Suspecting now the worst, ' Or I,' she said,
' Am much mistaken, or am much betray'd.'
With fury she precipitates her flight ; }
Dispels the shadows of dissembled night ; }
And to the day restores his native light.
The' almighty lecher, careful to prevent
The consequence, foreseeing her descent,
Transforms his mistress in a trice ; and now
In Iö's place appears a lovely cow.
So sleek her skin, so faultless was her make,
Ev'n Juno did unwilling pleasure take
To see so fair a rival of her love ;
And what she was, and whence, inquir'd of Jove ?
Of what fair herd, and from what pedigree ?
The god, half caught, was forc'd upon a lie ;
And said, she sprung from earth. She took the word,
And beg'd the beauteous heifer of her lord.
What should he do ? 'twas equal shame to Jove
Or to relinquish, or betray his love :

Yet to refuse so slight a gift would be
But more t' increase his consort's jealousy ;
Thus fear and love, by turns, his heart assail'd ;
And stronger love had sure, at length, prevail'd :
But some faint hope remain'd, his jealous queen
Had not the mistress through the heifer seen.
The cautious goddess, of her gift possess'd,
Yet harbour'd anxious thoughts within her breast ;
As she who knew the falsehood of her Jove,
And justly fear'd some new relapse of love ;
Which to prevent, and to secure her care,
To trusty Argus she commits the fair.

The head of Argus (as with stars the skies)
Was compass'd round, and wore an hundred eyes ;
But two by turns their lids in slumber steep, }
The rest on duty still their station keep ; }
Nor could the total constellation sleep.
Thus, ever present to his eyes and mind,
His charge was still before him, though behind.
In fields he suffer'd her to feed by day ;
But when the setting sun to night gave way,
The captive cow he summon'd with a call,
And drove her back, and tied her to the stall.
On leaves of trees and bitter herbs she fed,
Heaven was her canopy, bare earth her bed :
So hardly lodg'd, and to digest her food,
She drank from troubled streams defil'd with mud.
Her woeful story fain she would have told,
With hands upheld, but had no hands to hold.
Her head to her ungentle keeper bow'd,
She strove to speak ; she spoke not, but she low'd :
Affrighted with the noise, she look'd around,
And seem'd to' inquire the author of the sound.

Once on the banks where often she had play'd,
(Her father's banks) she came, and there survey'd
Her alter'd visage, and her branching head,
And, starting, from herself she would have fled.
Her fellow nymphs, familiar to her eyes,
Beheld, but knew her not in this disguise.
Ev'n Inachus himself was ignorant,
And in his daughter did his daughter want.
She follow'd where her fellows went, as she
Were still a partner of the company :
They stroke her neck ; the gentle heifer stands,
And her neck offers to their stroking hands.
Her father gave her grass; the grass she took, }
And lick'd his palms, and cast a piteous look ; }
And in the language of her eyes she spoke.
She would have told her name, and ask'd relief,
But, wanting words, in tears she tells her grief;
Which with her foot she makes him understand,
And prints the name of Iö in the sand.

‘ Ah, wretched me!’ her mournful father cried ;
She, with a sigh, to wretched me replied :
About her milk-white neck his arms he threw,
And wept, and then these tender words ensue :
‘ And art thou she, whom I have sought around
The world, and have at length so sadly found ?
So found, is worse than lost : with mutual words
Thou answer'st not, no voice thy tongue affords ;
But sighs are deeply drawn from out thy breast,
And speech denied, by lowing is express'd.
Unknowing, I prepar'd the bridal bed,
With empty hopes of happy issue fed ;
But now the husband of a herd must be
Thy mate, and bellowing sons thy progeny.

Oh, were I mortal, death might bring relief;
But now my godhead but extends my grief;
Prolongs my woes, of which no end I see,
And makes me curse my immortality!
More had he said, but, fearful of her stay,
The starry guardian drove his charge away
To some fresh pasture; on a hilly height
He sat himself, and kept her still in sight.

THE EYES OF ARGUS TRANSFORMED INTO A
PEACOCK'S TRAIN.

Now Jove no longer could her sufferings bear;
But call'd in haste his airy messenger,
The son of Maia, with severe decree
To kill the keeper, and to set her free.
With all his harness soon the god was sped,
His flying hat was fastened on his head;
Wings on his heels were lung, and in his hand
He holds the virtue of the snaky wand.
The liquid air his moving pinions wound,
And, in the moment, shoot him on the ground.
Before he came in sight, the crafty god
His wings dismiss'd, but still retain'd his rod:
That sleep-procuring wand wise Hermes took,
But made it seem to sight a shepherd's hook.
With this, he did a herd of goats control,
Which by the way he met, and slyly stole.
Clad like a country swain, he pip'd and sung,
And, playing, drove his jolly troop along.

With pleasure, Argus the musician heeds;
But wonders much at those new vocal reeds.
'And whosoe'er thou art, my friend,' said he,
'Up hither drive thy goats, and play by me:
'This hill has browse for them, and shade for thee.'

The god, who was with ease induc'd to climb,
Began discourse to pass away the time ;
And still betwixt his tuneful pipe he plies,
And watch'd his hour to close the keeper's eyes.
With much ado he partly kept awake,
Not suffering all his eyes repose to take ;
And ask'd the stranger, who did reeds invent,
And whence began so rare an instrument ?

THE TRANSFORMATION OF SYRINX INTO REEDS.

Then Hermes thus : ' A nymph of late there was,
Whose heavenly form her fellows did surpass,
The pride and joy of fair Arcadia's plains,
Belov'd by deities, ador'd by swains :
Syrinx her name, by Sylvans oft pursued,
As oft she did the lustful gods delude :
The rural and the woodland powers disdain'd ;
With Cynthia hunted, and her rights maintain'd :
Like Phœbe clad, even Phœbe's self she seems ;
So tall, so straight, such well-proportion'd limbs :
The nicest eye did no distinction know,
But that the goddess bore a golden bow :
Distinguish'd thus, the sight she cheated too. }
Descending from Lycæus, Pan admires
The matchless nymph, and burns with new desires :
A crown of pine upon his head he wore,
And thus began her pity to implore ;
But ere he thus began, she took her flight
So swift, she was already out of sight :
Nor stay'd to hear the courtship of the god ;
But bent her course to Ladon's gentle flood :
There by the river stop'd, and, tir'd before,
Relief from water-nymphs her prayers implore.

' Now while the lustful god, with speedy pace,
Just thought to strain her in a strict embrace,
He fills his arms with reeds, new-rising on the
place :

And while he sighs, his ill success to find,
The tender canes were shaken by the wind,
And breath'd a mournful air, unheard before,
That much surprising Pan, yet pleas'd him more.
Admiring this new music, " Thou," he said,
" Who canst not be the partner of my bed,
At least shalt be the consort of my mind,
And often, often to my lips be join'd."
He form'd the reeds, proportion'd as they are,
Unequal in their length, and wax'd with care,
They still retain the name of his ungrateful fair.'

While Hermes pip'd, and sung, and told his tale,
The keeper's winking eyes began to fail,
And drowsy slumber on the lids to creep,
Till all the watchman was at length asleep.
Then soon the god his voice and song suppress'd,
And with his powerful rod confirm'd his rest:
Without delay his crooked falchion drew,
And at one fatal stroke the keeper slew.
Down from the rock fell the dissever'd head,
Opening its eyes in death ; and, falling, bled,
And mark'd the passage with a crimson trail :
Thus Argus lies in pieces, cold and pale ;
And all his hundred eyes, with all their light,
Are clos'd, at once, in one perpetual night.
These Juno takes, that they no more may fail,
And spreads them in her peacock's gaudy tail.

Impatient to revenge her injur'd bed,
She wreaks her anger on her rival's head ;

With furies frights her from her native home ;
And drives her gadding, round the world to roam :
Nor ceas'd her madness, and her flight before
She touch'd the limits of the Pharian shore.
At length, arriving on the banks of Nile,
Wearied with length of ways, and worn with toil,
She laid her down ; and, leaning on her knees,
Invok'd the cause of all her miseries ;
And cast her languishing regards above,
For help from heaven, and her ungrateful Jove.
She sigh'd, she wept, she low'd ; 'twas all she could ;
And with unkindness seem'd to tax the god.
Last, with an humble prayer, she beg'd repose,
Or death at least, to finish all her woes.
Jove heard her vows, and with a flattering look
In her behalf to jealous Juno spoke.
He cast his arms about her neck, and said,
' Dame, rest secure ; no more thy nuptial bed
This nymph shall violate ; by Styx I swear,
And every oath that binds the Thunderer.'
The goddess was appeas'd ; and at the word
Was Iö to her former shape restor'd :
The rugged hair began to fall away ;
The sweetness of her eyes did only stay,
Though not so large ; her crooked horns decrease ;
The wideness of her jaws and nostrils cease :
Her hoofs to hands return, in little space ;
The five long taper fingers take their place,
And nothing of the heifer now is seen,
Beside the native whiteness of the skin.
Erected on her feet she walks again ;
And two the duty of the four sustain.
She tries her tongue ; her silence softly breaks,
And fears her former lowings when she speaks :

A goddess now, through all the' Egyptian state;
And serv'd by priests, who in white linen wait.

Her son was Epaphus, at length believ'd
The son of Jove, and as a god receiv'd;
With sacrifice ador'd, and public pray'rs,
He common temples with his mother shares.
Equal in years, and rival in renown
With Epaphus, the youthful Phaëton
Like honour claims and boasts his sire the Sun. }
His haughty looks, and his assuming air,
The son of Isis could no longer bear:
'Thou tak'st thy mother's word too far,' said he,
'And hast usurp'd thy boasted pedigree.
Go, base pretender to a borrow'd name.'
Thus tax'd, he blush'd with anger and with shame;
But shame repress'd his rage: the daunted youth
Soon seeks his mother, and inquires the truth.
'Mother,' said he, 'this infamy was thrown
'By Epaphus on you, and me your son.
He spoke in public, told it to my face;
Nor durst I vindicate the dire disgrace:
Even I, the bold, the sensible of wrong,
Restrain'd by shame, was forc'd to hold my tongue.
To hear an open slander is a curse;
But not to find an answer is a worse.
If I am heaven-begot, assert your son
By some sure sign; and make my father known, }
To right my honour, and redeem your own.'
He said, and saying cast his arms about
Her neck, and beg'd her to resolve the doubt.
'Tis hard to judge if Clymenè were mov'd
More by his prayer, whom she so dearly lov'd,
Or more with fury fir'd; to find her name
Traduc'd, and made the sport of common fame.

She stretch'd her arms to heaven, and fix'd her eyes
On that fair planet that adorns the skies :
' Now by those beams,' said she, ' whose holy fires
Consume my breast, and kindle my desires ;
By him who sees us both, and cheers our sight,
By him, the public minister of light,
I swear that Sun begot thee : if I lie,
Let him his cheerful influence deny :
Let him no more this perjur'd creature see,
And shine on all the world but only me.
If still you doubt your mother's innocence,
His eastern mansion is not far from hence ;
With little pains you to his levee go,
And from himself your parentage may know.'
With joy the' ambitious youth his mother heard,
And eager for the journey soon prepar'd.
He longs the world beneath him to survey ;
To guide the chariot, and to give the day.
From Mero's burning sands he bends his course,
Nor less in India feels his father's force ;
His travel urging till he came in sight,
And saw the palace by the purple light.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK II.

TRANSLATED BY ADDISON.

THE STORY OF PHAETON.

THE Sun's bright palace, on high columns rais'd,
With burnish'd gold and flaming jewels blaz'd;
The folding gates diffus'd a silver light,
And with a milder gleam refresh'd the sight;
Of polish'd ivory was the covering wrought:
The matter vied not with the sculptor's thought:
For in the portal was display'd on high
(The work of Vulcan) a fictitious sky;
A waving sea the' inferior earth embrac'd,
And gods and goddesses the waters grac'd.
Ægeon here a mighty whale bestrode;
Triton, and Proteus, (the deceiving god)
With Doris here were carv'd, and all her train;
Some loosely swimming in the figur'd main,
While some on rocks their drooping hair divide,
And some on fishes through the waters glide:
Though various features did the sisters grace,
A sister's likeness was in every face.
On earth a different landscape courts the eyes;
Men, towns, and beasts, in distant prospects rise,
And nymphs, and streams, and woods, and rural
deities.

O'er all the heaven's refulgent image shines;
On either gate were six engraven signs.

Here Phaëton, still gaining on the ascent,
To his suspected father's palace went;
Till pressing forward through the bright abode,
He saw at distance the illustrious god:
He saw at distance, or the dazzling light
Had flash'd too strongly on his aching sight.

The god sits high, exalted on a throne
Of blazing gems, with purple garments on;
The Hours, in order rang'd on either hand,
And Days, and Months, and Years, and Ages stand.
Here Spring appears with flowery chaplets bound;
Here Summer in her wheaten garland crown'd;
Here Autumn the rich trodden grapes besmear;
And hoary Winter shivers in the rear.

Phœbus beheld the youth from off his throne;
That eye, which looks on all, was fix'd in one.
He saw the boy's confusion in his face,
Surpris'd at all the wonders of the place;
And cries aloud, 'What wants my son? for know
My son thou art, and I must call thee so.'

'Light of the world! (the trembling youth replies)
Illustrious parent! since you don't despise
The parent's name, some certain token give,
That I may Clymenè's proud boast believe,
Nor longer under false reproaches grieve.'

The tender sire was touch'd with what he said,
And flung the blaze of glories from his head;
And bid the youth advance: 'My son,' said he,
'Come to thy father's arms! for Clymenè
Has told thee true: a parent's name I own,
And deem thee worthy to be call'd my son.'

As a sure proof, make some request, and I,
Whate'er it be, with that request comply ;
By Styx I swear, whose waves are hid in night,
And roll impervious to my piercing sight.'

The youth transported asks, without delay,
To guide the sun's bright chariot for a day.

The god repented of the oath he took,
For anguish thrice his radiant head he shook :
' My son,' says he, ' some other proof require,
Rash was my promise, rash is thy desire.
I'd fain deny this wish which thou hast made,
Or, what I can't deny, would fain dissuade.
Too vast and hazardous the task appears,
Nor suited to thy strength, nor to thy years.
Thy lot is mortal, but thy wishes fly
Beyond the province of mortality :
There is not one of all the gods that dares
(However skill'd in other great affairs)
To mount the burning axle-tree but I ;
Not Jove himself, the ruler of the sky,
'That hurls the three-fork'd thunder from above,
Dares try his strength : yet who so strong as Jove?
The steeds climb up the first ascent with pain,
And when the middle firmament they gain,
If downward from the heavens my head I bow,
And see the earth and ocean hang below,
Ev'n I am seiz'd with horror and affright,
And my own heart misgives me at the sight.
A mighty downfall steeps the evening stage,
And steady reins must curb the horses' rage.
Tethys herself has fear'd to see me driv'n
Down headlong from the precipice of heav'n.
Besides, consider what impetuous force
Turns stars and planets in a different course.

I steer against their motions ; nor am I
Borne back by all the current of the sky.
But how could *you* resist the orbs that roll
In adverse whirls, and stem the rapid pole ?
But you, perhaps, may hope for pleasing woods,
And stately domes, and cities fill'd with gods ;
While through a thousand snares your progress lies,
Where forms of starry monsters stock the skies :
For, should you hit the doubtful way aright,
The Bull with stooping horns stands opposite ;
Next him the bright Hæmonian Bow is strung,
And next, the Lion's grinning visage hung :
The Scorpion's claws here clasp a wide extent ;
And here the Crab's in lesser clasps are bent.
Nor would you find it easy to compose
The mettled steeds, when from their nostrils flows }
The scorching fire that in their entrails glows. }
Ev'n I their headstrong fury scarce restrain,
When they grow warm and restive to the rein.
Let not my son a fatal gift require ;
But, oh ! in time recal your rash desire.
You ask a gift that may your parent tell,
Let these my fears your parentage reveal,
And learn a father from a father's care :
Look on my face ; or if my heart lay bare, }
Could you but look you'd read the father there. }
Choose out a gift from seas, or earth, or skies,
For open to your wish all nature lies ;
Only decline this one unequal task,
For 'tis a mischief, not a gift, you ask.
You ask a real mischief, Phaëton !
Nay hang not thus about my neck, my son :
I grant your wish, and Styx has heard my voice ;
Choose what you will, but make a wiser choice.'

Thus did the god the' unwary youth advise,
But he still longs to travel through the skies:
When the fond father, (for in vain he pleads)
At length to the Vulcanian chariot leads;
A golden axle did the work uphold,
Gold was the beam, the wheels were orb'd with gold.
The spokes in rows of silver pleas'd the sight, }
The seat with party-colour'd gems was bright; }
Apollo shin'd amid the glare of light.
The youth with secret joy the work surveys,
When now the moon disclos'd her purple rays:
The stars were fled; for Lucifer had chas'd
The stars away, and fled himself at last.
Soon as the father saw the rosy morn,
And the moon shining with a blunter horn,
He bid the nimble Hours, without delay,
Bring forth the steeds; the nimble Hours obey:
From their full racks the generous steeds retire,
Dropping ambrosial foams, and snorting fire.
Still anxious for his son, the god of day,
'To make him proof against the burning ray,
His temples with celestial ointment wet,
Of sovereign virtue to repel the heat;
Then fix'd the beamy circle on his head,
And fetch'd a deep foreboding sigh, and said,
' Take this at least, this last advice, my son;
Keep a stiff rein, and move but gently on:
The coursers of themselves will run too fast,
Your art must be, to moderate their haste.
Drive 'em not on directly through the skies;
But where the zodiac's winding circle lies,
Along the midmost zone; but sally forth
Nor to the distant south, nor stormy north.

The horses' hoofs a beaten track will show,
But neither mount too high, nor sink too low,
That no new fires, or heaven, or earth infest ;
Keep the midway, the middle way is best.
Nor where in radiant folds the serpent twines,
Direct your course, nor where the altar shines.
Shun both extremes ; the rest let fortune guide,
And better for thee than thyself provide !
See, while I speak, the shades disperse away, }
Aurora gives the promise of a day ; }
I'm call'd, nor can I make a longer stay.
Snatch up the reins ; or still the' attempt forsake,
And not my chariot, but my counsel take,
While yet securely on the earth you stand ;
Nor touch the horses with too rash a hand.
Let me alone to light the world, while you
Enjoy those beams which you may safely view.'
He spoke in vain ; the youth with active heat
And sprightly vigour vaults into the seat ;
And joys to hold the reins, and fondly gives
Those thanks his father with remorse receives.

Meanwhile the restless horses neigh'd aloud,
Breathing out fire, and pawing where they stood.
Tethys, not knowing what had past, gave way,
And all the waste of heaven before 'em lay.
They spring together out, and swiftly bear
The flying youth through clouds and yielding air ;
With wingy speed outstrip the eastern wind,
And leave the breezes of the morn behind.
The youth was light, nor could he fill the seat,
Or poise the chariot with its wonted weight :
But as at sea the' unballast'd vessel rides,
Cast to and fro, the sport of winds and tides ;

So in the bounding chariot toss'd on high,
The youth is burried headlong through the sky.
Soon as the steeds perceive it, they forsake
Their stated course, and leave the beaten track.
The youth was in amaze, nor did he know
Which way to turn the reins, or where to go ;
Nor would the horses, had he known, obey. }
Then the seven stars first felt Apollo's ray, }
And wish'd to dip in the forbidden sea. }
The folded serpent next the frozen pole,
Stiff and benumb'd before, began to roll,
And rag'd with inward heat, and threaten'd war,
And shot a redder light from every star ;
Nay, and 'tis said, Boötes too, that fain [wain.
Thou wouldst have fled, though cumber'd with thy
The' unhappy youth then, bending down his head,
Saw earth and ocean far beneath him spread :
His colour chang'd, he startled at the sight,
And his eyes darken'd by too great a light.
Now could he wish the fiery steeds untried,
His birth obscure, and his request deny'd ;
Now would he Merops for his father own,
And quit his boasted kindred to the Sun.

So fares the pilot, when his ship is tost
In troubled seas, and all its steerage lost ;
He gives her to the winds, and in despair
Seeks his last refuge in the gods and pray'r.

What could he do ? his eyes if backward cast,
Find a long path he had already past ;
If forward, still a longer path they find ;
Both he compares, and measures in his mind ;
And sometimes casts an eye upon the east,
And sometimes looks on the forbidden west.

The horses' names he knew not in the fright,
Nor would he loose the reins, nor could he hold
'em right.

Now all the horrors of the heavens he spies, }
And monstrous shadows of prodigious size, }
That, deck'd with stars, lie scatter'd o'er the skies. }
There is a place above, where Scorpio bent
In tail and arms surrounds a vast extent ;
In a wide circuit of the heavens he shines,
And fills the space of two celestial signs.
Soon as the youth beheld him, vex'd with heat,
Brandish his sting, and in his poison sweat,
Half-dead with sudden fear he drop'd the reins ;
The horses felt 'em loose upon their manes,
And, flying out through all the plains above,
Ran uncontroll'd where'er their fury drove ;
Rush'd on the stars, and through a pathless way
Of unknown regions hurried on the day :
And now above, and now below they flew,
And near the earth the burning chariot drew.

The clouds disperse in fumes ; the wandering moon
Beholds her brother's steeds beneath her own ;
The highlands smoke, cleft by the piercing rays,
Or clad with woods, in their own fuel blaze.
Next o'er the plains, where ripen'd harvests grow,
The running conflagration spreads below.
But these are trivial ills : whole cities burn,
And peopled kingdoms into ashes turn.

The mountains kindle as the car draws near,
Athos and Tmolus red with fires appear ;
Ægrian Hæmus, (then a single name)
And virgin Helicon increase the flame ;
Taurus and Cète glare amid the sky,
And Ida, spite of all her fountains, dry ;

Eryx, and Othrys, and Cithæron, glow,
And Rhodopè, no longer cloth'd in snow ;
High Pindus, Mimas, and Parnassus sweat,
And Ætna rages with redoubled heat.
Ev'n Scythia, through her hoary regions warm'd,
In vain with all her native frost was arm'd.
Cover'd with flames the towering Apennine,
And Caucasus, and proud Olympus, shine ;
And, where the long-extended Alps aspire,
Now stands a huge continued range of fire.

The' astonish'd youth, where'er his eyes could
turn,

Beheld the universe around him burn :
The world was in a blaze ; nor could he bear
The sultry vapours and the scorching air,
Which from below, as from a furnace, flow'd ;
And now the axle-tree beneath him glow'd :
Lost in the whirling clouds that round him broke,
And white with ashes, hovering in the smoke,
He flew where'er the horses drove ; nor knew
Whither the horses drove, or where he flew.

'Twas then, they say, the swarthy Moor begun
To change his hue, and blacken in the sun.
Then Libya first, of all her moisture drain'd,
Became a barren waste, a wild of sand.
The water-nymphs lament their empty urns,
Bœotia, robb'd of silver Dirce, mourns,
Corinth Pyrene's wasted spring bewails,
And Argos grieves whilst Amymonè fails.

The floods are drain'd from every distant coas,
Ev'n Tanais, though fix'd in ice, was lost.
Enrag'd Caïcus and Lycormas roar,
And Xanthus, fated to be burn'd once more.

The fam'd Mæander, that unwearied strays
 Through mazy windings, smokes in every maze.
 From his lov'd Babylon Enphrates flies;
 The big-swoln Ganges and the Danube rise
 In thickening fumes, and darken half the skies. }
 In flames Ismenos and the Phasis roll'd,
 And Tagus, floating in his melted gold.
 The swans, that on Cäyster often tried
 Their tuneful songs, now sung their last and died.
 The frighted Nile ran off, and under ground
 Conceal'd his head, nor can it yet be found:
 His seven divided currents all are dry,
 And where they row'd, seven gaping trenches lie:
 No more the Rhine or Rhone their course maintain,
 Nor Tiber, of his promis'd empire vain.

The ground, deep-cleft, admits the dazzling ray,
 And startles Pluto with the flash of day.
 The seas shrink in, and to the sight disclose
 Wide naked plains, where once their billows rose;
 Their rocks are all discover'd, and increase
 The number of the scatter'd Cyclades.
 The fish in shoals about the bottom creep,
 Nor longer dares the crooked dolphin leap:
 Gasping for breath, the' unshapen Phocæ die,
 And on the boiling wave extended lie.
 Nereus and Doris, with her virgin train,
 Seek out the last recesses of the main;
 Beneath unfathomable depths they faint,
 And secret in their gloomy caverns pant.
 Stern Neptune thrice above the waves upheld
 His face, and thrice was by the flames repell'd.

The Earth at length, on every side embrac'd
 With scalding seas that floated round her waist,

When now she felt the springs and rivers come,
 And crowd within the hollow of her womb,
 Up-lifted to the heavens her blasted head,
 And clap'd her hand upon her brows, and said;
 (But first, impatient of the sultry heat,
 Sunk deeper down, and sought a cooler seat :)

‘ If you, great king of gods, my death approve,
 And I deserve it, let me die by Jove;
 If I must perish by the force of fire,
 Let me transfix'd with thunderbolts expire.
 See, whilst I speak, my breath the vapours choke;’
 (For now her face lay wrapt in clouds of smoke.)
 ‘ See my sing'd hair, behold my faded eye,
 And wither'd face, where heaps of cinders lie!
 And does the plough for this my body tear? }
 This the reward for all the fruits I bear, }
 Tortur'd with rakes, and harass'd all the year? }
 That herbs for cattle daily I renew,
 And food for man, and frankincense for you?
 But grant me guilty; what has Neptune done?
 Why are his waters boiling in the sun?
 The wavy empire, which by lot was giv'n,
 Why does it waste, and further shrink from heav'n?
 If I, nor he, your pity can provoke,
 See your own heavens; the heavens begin to smoke!
 Should once the sparkles catch those bright abodes,
 Destruction seizes on the heavens and gods;
 Atlas becomes unequal to his freight,
 And almost faints beneath the glowing weight.
 If heaven, and earth, and sea, together burn,
 All must again into their chaos turn.
 Apply some speedy cure, prevent our fate,
 And succour nature, ere it be too late.’

She ceas'd; for, chok'd with vapours round her
spread,

Down to the deepest shades she sunk her head.

Jove call'd to witness every power above,
And ev'n the god whose son the chariot drove,
That what he acts he is compell'd to do,
Or universal ruin must ensue.

Straight he ascends the high ethereal throne,
From whence he us'd to dart his thunder down,
From whence his showers and storms he us'd to pour,
But now could meet with neither storm nor show'r;
Then, aiming at the youth, with lifted hand,
Full at his head he hurl'd the forked brand,
In dreadful thunderings. Thus, the' almighty sire
Suppress'd the raging of the fires with fire.

At once from life and from the chariot driv'n,
The' ambitious boy fell thunderstruck from heav'n.
The horses started with a sudden bound,
And flung the reins and chariot to the ground:
The studded harness from their necks they broke,
Here fell a wheel, and here a silver spoke;
Here were the beam and axle torn away; [lay.
And scatter'd o'er the earth the shining fragments
The breathless Phaëton, with flaming hair,
Shot from the chariot like a falling star,
That in a summer's evening from the top
Of heaven drops down, or seems at least to drop;
Till on the Po his blasted corpse was hurl'd,
Far from his country, in the western world.

PHAËTON'S SISTERS TRANSFORMED INTO TREES.

The Latian nymphs came round him, and, amaz'd,
On the dead youth transfix'd with thunder gaz'd,

And, whilst yet smoking from the bolt he lay,
His shatter'd body to a tomb convey,
And o'er the tomb an epitaph devise :
' Here he, who drove the sun's bright chariot, lies ;
His father's fiery steeds he could not guide,
But in the glorious enterprise he died.'

Apollo hid his face and pin'd for grief;
And, if the story may deserve belief,
The space of one whole day is said to run,
From morn to wonted even, without a sun :
The burning ruins, with a fainter ray,
Supply the sun, and counterfeit a day ;
A day that still did nature's face disclose :
This comfort from the mighty mischief rose.

But Clymenè, enrag'd with grief, laments,
And as her grief inspires, her passion vents :
Wild for her son, and frantic in her woes,
With hair dishevel'd round the world she goes,
To seek where'er his body might be cast ;
Till, on the borders of the Po at last
The name inscrib'd on the new tomb appears :
The dear dear name she bathes in flowing tears ;
Hangs o'er the tomb, unable to depart,
And hugs the marble to her throbbing heart.

Her daughters too lament, and sigh, and mourn,
(A fruitless tribute to their brother's urn)
And beat their naked bosoms, and complain,
And call aloud for Phaëton in vain :
All the long night their mournful watch they keep,
And all the day stand round the tomb and weep.

Four times revolving, the full moon return'd ;
So long the mother and the daughters mourn'd :
When now the eldest, Phaëthus, strove
To rest her weary limbs, but could not move ;

Lampetia would have help'd her, but she found
 Herself withheld, and rooted to the ground ;
 A third in wild affliction, as she grieves,
 Would rend her hair, but fills her hands with leaves ;
 One sees her thighs transform'd, another views
 Her arms shot out, and branching into boughs.
 And now their legs, and breasts, and bodies, stood
 Crusted with bark, and hardening into wood ;
 But still above were female heads display'd,
 And mouths, that call'd the mother to their aid.
 What could, alas ! the weeping mother do ?
 From this to that with eager haste she flew,
 And kiss'd her sprouting daughters as they grew. }
 She tears the bark that to each body cleaves,
 And from their verdant fingers strips the leaves :
 The blood came trickling, where she tore away
 The leaves and bark : the maids were heard to say,
 ' Forbear, mistaken parent, oh ! forbear ;
 A wounded daughter in each tree you tear ;
 Farewell for ever.' Here the bark increas'd,
 Clos'd on their faces, and their words suppress'd.

The new-made trees in tears of amber run,
 Which, harden'd into value by the sun,
 Distil for ever on the streams below :
 The limpid streams their radiant treasure show,
 Mix'd in the sand ; whence the rich drops convey'd,
 Shine in the dress of the bright Latian maid.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF CYCNUS INTO A SWAN.

Cycnus beheld the nymphs transform'd, allied
 To their dead brother, on the mortal side,
 In friendship and affection nearer bound :
 He left the cities and the realms he own'd,

Through pathless fields and lonely shores to range;
 And woods made thicker by the sisters' change.
 Whilst here, within the dismal gloom, alone,
 The melancholy monarch made his moan;
 His voice was lessen'd as he tried to speak,
 And issued through a long-extended neck;
 His hair transforms to down, his fingers meet
 In skinny films, and shape his oary feet;
 From both his sides the wings and feathers break;
 And from his mouth proceeds a blunted beak;
 All Cygnus now into a swan was turn'd,
 Who, still remembring how his kinsman burn'd,
 To solitary pools and lakes retires,
 And loves the waters as oppos'd to fires.

Meanwhile, Apollo in a gloomy shade
 (The native lustre of his brows decay'd)
 Indulging sorrow, sickens at the sight
 Of his own sunshine, and abhors the light;
 The hidden griefs, that in his bosom rise,
 Sadden his looks, and overcast his eyes:
 As when some dusky orb obstructs his ray,
 And sullies in a dim eclipse the day.

Now secretly with inward griefs he pin'd,
 Now warm resentments to his griefs he join'd,
 And now renounc'd his office to mankind. }
 'E'er since the birth of time,' said he, 'I've borne
 A long ungrateful toil, without return:
 Let now some other manage, if he dare,
 The fiery steeds, and mount the burning car;
 Or, if none else, let Jove his fortune try,
 And learn to lay his murdering thunder by;
 Then will he own, perhaps, but own too late,
 My son deserv'd not so severe a fate.'

The gods stand round him, as he mourns, and pray
He would resume the conduct of the day,
Nor let the world be lost in endless night :
Jove too himself, descending from his height,
Excuses what had happen'd, and entreats ;
Majestically mixing prayers and threats.
Prevail'd upon at length, again he took
The harness'd steeds, that still with horror shook,
And plies 'em with the lash, and whips 'em on,
And, as he whips, upbraids 'em with his son.

THE STORY OF CALISTO.

The day was settled in its course, and Jove
Walk'd the wide circuit of the heavens above,
To search if any cracks or flaws were made ;
But all was safe. The earth he then survey'd,
And cast an eye on every different coast,
And every land ; but on Arcadia most.
Her fields he cloth'd, and cheer'd her blasted face
With running fountains, and with springing grass.
No tracks of heaven's destructive fire remain,
The fields and woods revive, and nature smiles again.

But as the god walk'd to and fro the earth,
And rais'd the plants, and gave the spring its birth,
By chance a fair Arcadian nymph he view'd,
And felt the lovely charmer in his blood.
The nymph nor spun, nor dress'd with artful pride ;
Her vest was gather'd up, her hair was tied ;
Now in her hand a slender spear she bore,
Now a light quiver on her shoulders wore ;
To chaste Diana from her youth inclin'd,
The sprightly warriors of the wood she join'd.
Diana too the gentle huntress lov'd,
Nor was there one of all the nymphs that rov'd

O'er Mænalus amid the maiden throng,
More favour'd once, but favour lasts not long.

The sun now shone in all its strength, and drove
The heated virgin panting to the grove;
The grove around a grateful shadow cast;
She drop'd her arrows, and her bow unbrac'd;
She flung herself on the cool grassy bed,
And on the painted quiver rais'd her head.
Jove saw the charming huntress unprepar'd,
Stretch'd on the verdant turf, without a guard.
'Here I am safe,' he cries, 'from Juno's eye;
Or should my jealous queen the theft descry,
Yet would I venture on a theft like this;
And stand her rage for such, for such a bliss!
Diana's shape and habit straight he took,
Softened his brows, and smooth'd his awful look, }
And mildly in a female accent spoke :
'How fares my girl? How went the morning chase?'
To whom the virgin, starting from the grass,
'All hail, bright deity, whom I prefer
To Jove himself, though Jove himself were here.'
The god was nearer than she thought, and heard,
Well pleas'd, himself before himself prefer'd.

He then salutes her with a warm embrace;
And, ere she half had told the morning chase,
With love inflam'd, and eager on his bliss,
Smother'd her words, and stop'd her with a kiss.
His kisses with unwonted ardour glow'd,
Nor could Diana's shape conceal the god.
The virgin did whate'er a virgin cou'd;
(Sure Juno must have pardon'd, had she view'd)
With all her might against his force she strove;
But how can mortal maids contend with Jove?

Possess'd at length of what his heart desir'd,
Back to his heavens the' exulting god retir'd.
The lovely huntress, rising from the grass,
With downcast eyes, and with a blushing face,
By shame confounded, and by fear dismay'd,
Flew from the covert of the guilty shade ;
And almost, in the tumult of her mind,
Left her forgotten bow and shafts behind.

But now Diana, with a sprightly train
Of quiver'd virgins, bounding o'er the plain,
Call'd to the nymph ; the nymph began to fear
A second fraud, a Jove disguis'd in her ;
But, when she saw the sister-nymphs, suppress'd
Her rising fears, and mingled with the rest.

How in the look does conscious guilt appear !
Slowly she mov'd, and loiter'd in the rear ;
Nor lightly trip'd, nor by the goddess ran,
As once she us'd, the foremost of the train.
Her looks were flush'd, and sullen was her mien, }
That sure the virgin-goddess (had she been }
Aught but a virgin) must the guilt have seen.
'Tis said the nymphs saw all, and guess'd aright :
And now the moon had nine times lost her light,
When Dian, fainting in the mid-day beams,
Found a cool covert, and refreshing streams,
That in soft murmurs through the forest flow'd,
And a smooth bed of shining gravel show'd.

A covert so obscure, and streams so clear,
The goddess prais'd : ' And now no spies are near,
Let's strip, my gentle maids, and wash ;' she cries.
Pleas'd with the motion, every maid complies ;
Only the blushing huntress stood confus'd,
And form'd delays, and her delays excus'd ;

In vain excus'd : her fellows round her press'd,
 And the reluctant nymph by force undress'd.
 The naked huntress all her shame reveal'd;
 In vain her hands the pregnant womb conceal'd ;
 ' Begone !' the goddess cries with stern disdain, }
 ' Begone ! nor dare the hallow'd stream to stain : ' }
 She fled, for ever banish'd from the train.

This Juno heard, who long had watch'd her time
 To punish the detested rival's crime ;
 The time was come ; for, to enrage her more,
 A lovely boy the teeming rival bore.

The goddess cast a furious look, and cried,
 ' It is enough ! I'm fully satisfied !
 This boy shall stand a living mark, to prove
 My husband's baseness, and the strumpet's love ;
 But vengeance shall awake : those guilty charms
 That drew the Thunderer from Juno's arms,
 No longer shall their wonted force retain,
 Nor please the god, nor make the mortal vain.'

This said ; her hand within her hair she wound,
 Swung her to earth, and drag'd her on the ground :
 The prostrate wretch lifts up her arms in pray'r ;
 Her arms grow shaggy, and deform'd with hair,
 Her nails are sharpen'd into pointed claws,
 Her hands bear half her weight, and turn to paws ;
 Her lips, that once could tempt a god, begin
 To grow distorted in an ugly grin :
 And, lest the supplicating brute might reach
 The ears of Jove, she was depriv'd of speech :
 Her surly voice through a hoarse passage came
 In savage sounds ; her mind was still the same.
 The furry monster fix'd her eyes above,
 And heav'd her new unwieldy paws to Jove,

And beg'd his aid with inward groans ; and though
She could not call him false, she thought him so.

How did she fear to lodge in woods alone,
And haunt the fields and meadows, once her own !
How often would the deep-mouth'd dogs pursue,
Whilst from her hounds the frighted huntress flew !
How did she fear her fellow-brutes, and shun
The shaggy bear, though now herself was one !
How from the sight of rugged wolves retire,
Although the grim Lycaon was her sire !

But now her son had fifteen summers told,
Fierce at the chase, and in the forest bold ;
When, as he beat the woods in quest of prey,
He chanc'd to rouse his mother where she lay.
She knew her son, and kept him in her sight,
And fondly gaz'd : the boy was in a fright,
And aim'd a pointed arrow at her breast,
And would have slain his mother in the beast ;
But Jove forbid, and snatch'd 'em through the air
In whirlwinds up to heaven, and fix'd 'em there ;
Where the new constellations nightly rise,
And add a lustre to the northern skies.

When Juno saw the rival in her height,
Spangled with stars, and circled round with light,
She sought old Ocean in his deep abodes,
And Tethys, both rever'd among the gods. [she,
They ask what brings her there : ' Ne'er ask,' says
' What brings me here, heaven is no place for me.
You'll see, when night has cover'd all things o'er,
Jove's starry bastard, and triumphant whore,
Usurp the heavens ; you'll see 'em proudly roll
In their new orbs, and brighten all the pole.
And who shall now on Juno's altars wait,
When those she hates grow greater by her hate ?

I on the nymph a brutal form impress'd,
Jove to a goddess has transform'd the beast ;
This, this was all my weak revenge could do :
But let the god his chaste amours pursue,
And, as he acted after Iö's rape,
Restore the' adultress to her former shape ;
Then may he cast his Juno off, and lead
The great Lycaon's offspring to his bed.
But you, ye venerable powers, be kind ;
And, if my wrongs a due resentment find,
Receive not in your waves their setting beams,
Nor let the glaring strumpet taint your streams.'

The goddess ended, and her wish was giv'n ;
Back she return'd in triumph up to heav'n ;
Her gaudy peacocks drew her through the skies :
Their tails were spotted with a thousand eyes ;
The eyes of Argus on their tails were rang'd ;
At the same time the raven's colour chang'd.

THE STORY OF CORONIS, AND BIRTH OF
ÆSCULAPIUS.

The raven once in snowy plumes was dress'd,
White as the whitest dove's unsullied breast,
Fair as the guardian of the capitol,
Soft as the swan ; a large and lovely fowl ;
His tongue, his prating tongue, had chang'd him quite
To sooty blackness, from the purest white.

The story of his change shall here be told.
In Thessaly there liv'd a nymph of old,
Coronis nam'd ; a peerless maid she shin'd,
Confess'd the fairest of the fairer kind.
Apollo lov'd her, till her guilt he knew,
While true she was, or whilst he thought her true.

But his own bird the raven chanc'd to find
The false one with a secret rival join'd.
Coronis beg'd him to suppress the tale,
But could not with repeated prayers prevail.
His milk-white pinions to the god he plied ;
The busy daw flew with him, side by side,
And by a thousand teasing questions drew
The' important secret from him as they flew.
The daw gave honest counsel, though despis'd,
And, tedious in her tattle, thus advis'd :
 ' Stay, silly bird, the' ill-natur'd task refuse,
Nor be the bearer of unwelcome news.
Be warn'd by my example : you discern
What now I am, and what I was shall learn.
My foolish honesty was all my crime ;
Then hear my story.—Once upon a time,
The two-shap'd Ericthonius had his birth
(Without a mother) from the teeming earth ;
Minerva nurs'd him, and the infant laid
Within a chest, of twining osiers made.
The daughters of king Cecrops undertook
To guard the chest, commanded not to loo
On what was hid within : I stood to see
The charge obey'd, perch'd on a neighbouring tree.
The sisters Pandrosos and Hersè keep
The strict command ; Aglauros needs would peep,
And saw the monstrous infant in a fright ;
And call'd her sisters to the hideous sight :
A boy's soft shape did to the waist prevail,
But the boy ended in a dragon's tail.
I told the stern Minerva all that pass'd ;
But for my pains, discarded and disgrac'd,
The frowning goddess drove me from her sight,
And for her favourite chose the bird of night.

Be then no tell-tale ; for I think my wrong
Enough to teach a bird to hold her tongue.

‘ But you, perhaps, may think I was remov’d,
As never by the heavenly maid belov’d ;
But I was lov’d ; ask Pallas if I lie ;
Though Pallas hate me now, she won’t deny :
For I, whom in a feather’d shape you view,
Was once a maid, (by heaven ! the story’s true) }
A blooming maid, and a king’s daughter too.
A crowd of lovers own’d my beauty’s charms ;
My beauty was the cause of all my harms ;
Neptune, as on the shores I wont to rove,
Observ’d me in my walks, and fell in love.
He made his courtship, he confess’d his pain,
And offer’d force, when all his arts were vain.
Swift he pursu’d : I ran along the strand,
Till, spent and wearied on the sinking sand,
I shriek’d aloud ; with cries I fill’d the air
To gods and men ; nor god nor man was there ; }
A virgin-goddess heard a virgin’s pray’r :
For, as my arms I lifted to the skies,
I saw black feathers from my fingers rise ;
I strove to fling my garment on the ground ;
My garment turn’d to plumes, and girt me round :
My hands to beat my naked bosom try ;
Nor naked bosom now nor hands had I :
Lightly I trip’d, nor weary as before
Sunk in the sand, but skim’d along the shore ;
Till, rising on my wings, I was prefer’d
To be the chaste Minerva’s virgin-bird :
Prefer’d in vain ! I now am in disgrace :
Nyctimenè, the owl, enjoys my place.

‘ On her incestuous life I need not dwell,
(In Læsbos still the horrid tale they tell)

And of her dire amours you must have heard,
For which she now does penance in a bird,
That, conscious of her shame, avoids the light,
And loves the gloomy covering of the night;
The birds, where'er she flutters, scare away
The hooting wretch, and drive her from the day.'

The raven, urg'd by such impertinence,
Grew passionate, it seems, and took offence,
And curs'd the harmless daw; the daw withdrew;
The raven to her injur'd patron flew,
And found him out, and told the fatal truth
Of false Coronis and the favour'd youth.

The god was wroth; the colour left his look, }
The wreath his head, the harp his hand forsook; }
His silver bow and feather'd shafts he took,
And lodg'd an arrow in the tender breast,
That had so often to his own been press'd.
Down fell the wounded nymph, and sadly groan'd,
And pull'd his arrow reeking from the wound;
And, weltering in her blood, thus faintly cried,
' Ah, cruel god! though I have justly died,
What has, alas! my unborn infant done,
That he should fall, and two expire in one?'
This said, in agonics she fetch'd her breath.
The god dissolves in pity at her death;
He hates the bird that made her falsehood known,
And hates himself for what himself had done;
The feather'd shaft, that sent her to the fates,
And his own hand that sent the shaft, he hates.
Fain would he heal the wound, and ease her pain,
And tries the compass of his art in vain.
Soon as he saw the lovely nymph expire,
The pile made ready, and the kindling fire,

With sighs and groans her obsequies he kept,
And, if a god could weep, the god had wept.
Her corps he kiss'd, and heavenly incense brought,
And solemniz'd the death himself had wrought.

But lest his offspring should her fate partake,
Spite of the' immortal mixture in his make,
He rip'd her womb, and set the child at large,
And gave him to the centaur Chiron's charge;
Then, in his fury, black'd the raven o'er,
And bad him prate in his white plumes no more.

OCYROE TRANSFORMED TO A MARE.

Old Chiron took the babe with secret joy,
Proud of the charge of the celestial boy:
His daughter too, whom on the sandy shore
The nymph Chariclo to the Centaur bore,
With hair dishevel'd on her shoulders, came
To see the child; Ocyroe was her name;
She knew her father's arts, and could rehearse
The depths of prophecy in sounding verse.
Once as the sacred infant she survey'd,
The god was kindled in the raving maid,
And thus she utter'd her prophetic tale:
' Hail, great physician of the world, all hail!
Hail, mighty infant! who in years to come
Shalt heal the nations, and defraud the tomb;
Swift be thy growth! thy triumphs unconfin'd!
Make kingdoms thicker, and increase mankind.
Thy daring art shall animate the dead,
And draw the thunder on thy guilty head:
Then shalt thou die, but from the dark abode
Rise up victorious, and be twice a god.
And thou, my sire, not destin'd by thy birth
To turn to dust, and mix with common earth

How wilt thou toss, and rave, and long to die ;
And quit thy claim to immortality ;
When thou shalt feel enrag'd with inward pains,
The Hydra's venom rankling in thy veins !
The gods, in pity, shall contract thy date,
And give thee over to the power of fate.'

Thus entering into destiny, the maid
The secrets of offended Jove betray'd :
More had she still to say ; but now appears
Oppress'd with sobs and sighs, and drown'd in tears.
' My voice,' says she, ' is gone, my language fails ;
Through every limb my kindred shape prevails :
Why did the god this fatal gift impart,
And with prophetic raptures swell my heart ?
What new desires are these ? I long to pace
O'er flowery meadows, and to feed on grass ;
I hasten to a brute, a maid no more ;
But why, alas ! am I transform'd all o'er ?
My sire does half a human shape retain,
And in his upper parts preserve the man.'

Her tongue no more distinct complaints affords,
But in shrill accents and mis-shapen words
Pours forth such hideous wailings, as declare
The human form confounded in the mare ;
Till by degrees accomplish'd in the beast,
She neigh'd outright, and all the steed express'd.
Her stooping body on her hands is borne ;
Her hands are turn'd to hoofs, and shod in horn ;
Her yellow tresses ruffle in a mane,
And in a flowing tail she frisks her train.
The mare was finish'd in her voice and look,
And a new name from the new figure took.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF BATTUS TO A TOUCH-
STONE.

Sore wept the Centaur, and to Phœbus pray'd ;
 But how could Phœbus give the Centaur aid ?
 Degraded of his power by angry Jove,
 In Elis then a herd of bees he drove ;
 And wielded in his hand a staff of oak,
 And o'er his shoulders threw the shepherd's cloke ;
 On seven compacted reeds he us'd to play,
 And on his rural pipe to waste the day.

As once attentive to his pipe he play'd,
 The crafty Hermes from the god convey'd
 A drove, that separate from their fellows stray'd. }
 The theft an old insidious peasant view'd,
 (They call'd him Battus in the neighbourhood)
 Hir'd by a wealthy Pylian prince to feed
 His favourite mares, and watch the generous breed.
 The thievish god suspected him, and took
 The hind aside, and thus in whispers spoke :
 ' Discover not the theft, whoe'er thou be,
 And take that milk-white heifer for thy fee.'
 ' Go, stranger,' cries the clown, ' securely on,
 That stone shall sooner tell;' and show'd a stone.

The god withdrew, but straight return'd again,
 In speech and habit like a country swain ;
 And cries out, ' Neighbour, hast thou seen a stray
 Of bullocks and of heifers pass this way ?
 In the recovery of my cattle join ;
 A bullock and a heifer shall be thine.'
 The peasant quick replies, ' You'll find 'em there
 In yon dark vale ;' and in the vale they were.

The double bribe had his false heart beguil'd :
The god, successful in the trial, smil'd ;
' And dost thou thus betray myself to me?
Me to myself dost thou betray?' says he :
Then to a touchstone turns the faithless spy ;
And in his name records his infamy.

THE STORY OF AGLAUROS TRANSFORMED INTO A
STATUE.

This done, the god flew up on high, and pass'd
O'er lofty Athens, by Minerva grac'd,
And wide Munichia; whilst his eyes survey
All the vast region that beneath him lay.

'Twas now the feast, when each Athenian maid
Her yearly homage to Minerva paid ;
In canisters, with garlands cover'd o'er,
High on their heads, their mystic gifts they bore :
And now, returning in a solemn train,
The troop of shining virgins fill'd the plain !

The god well pleas'd beheld the pompous show,
And saw the bright procession pass below ;
Then veer'd about, and took a wheeling flight,
And hover'd o'er them. As the spreading kite,
That smells the slaughter'd victim from on high,
Flies at a distance, if the priests are nigh,
And sails around, and keeps it in her eye ;
So kept the god the virgin quire in view,
And in slow winding circles round them flew.

As Lucifer excels the meanest star,
Or, as the full-orb'd Phœbe, Lucifer ;
So much did Hersè all the rest outvie,
And gave a grace to the solemnity.

Hermes was fir'd, as in the clouds he hung :
So the cold bullet, that with fury flung
From Balearic engines mounts on high,
Glows in the whirl, and burns along the sky.
At length he pitch'd upon the ground, and show'd
The form divine, the features of a god.
He knew their virtue o'er a female heart,
And yet he strives to better them by art.
He hangs his mantle loose, and sets to show
The golden edging on the seam below ;
Adjusts his flowing curls, and in his hand
Waves, with an air, the sleep-procuring wand ;
The glittering sandals to his feet applies,
And to each heel the well-trimm'd pinion ties.

His ornaments with nicest art display'd,
He seeks the' apartment of the royal maid.
The roof was all with polish'd ivory lin'd,
That, richly mix'd, in clouds of tortoise shin'd.
Three rooms, contiguous, in a range were plac'd,
The midmost by the beauteous Hersè grac'd ;
Her virgin sisters lodg'd on either side.
Aglauros first the' approaching god descry'd,
And, as he cross'd her chamber, ask'd his name,
And what his business was, and whence he came ?

' I come,' replied the god, ' from heaven, to woo
Your sister, and to make an aunt of you ;
I am the son and messenger of Jove ;
My name is Mercury, my business love ;
Do you, kind damsel, take a lover's part,
And gain admittance to your sister's heart.

She star'd him in the face with looks amaz'd,
As when she on Minerva's secret gaz'd,
And asks a mighty treasure for her hire ;
And till he brings it makes the god retire.

Minerva griev'd to see the nymph succeed ;
And now remembering the late impious deed,
When, disobedient to her strict command,
She touch'd the chest with an unhallow'd hand ;
In big-swoln sighs her inward rage express'd,
That heav'd the rising ægis on her breast ;
Then sought out Envy in her dark abode,
Defil'd with ropy gore and clots of blood :
Shut from the winds and from the wholesome skies,
In a deep vale the gloomy dungeon lies,
Dismal and cold, where not a beam of light
Invades the winter or disturbs the night.

Directly to the cave her course she steer'd,
Against the gates her martial lance she rear'd,
The gates flew open, and the fiend appear'd. }
A poisonous morsel in her teeth she chew'd,
And gorg'd the flesh of vipers for her food.
Minerva, loathing, turn'd away her eye ;
The hideous monster, rising heavily,
Came stalking forward with a sullen pace,
And left her mangled offals on the place.
Soon as she saw the goddess gay and bright,
She fetch'd a groan at such a cheerful sight.
Livid and meagre were her looks, her eye
In foul distorted glances turn'd awry ;
A hoard of gall her inward parts possess'd,
And spread a greenness o'er her canker'd breast ;
Her teeth were brown with rust, and from her
tongue,
In dangling drops, the stringy poison hung.
She never smiles but when the wretched weep,
Nor lulls her malice with a moment's sleep,
Restless in spite, while watchful to destroy,
She pines and sickens at another's joy ;

Foe to herself, distressing and distress'd,
She bears her own tormentor in her breast.
The goddess gave (for she abhor'd her sight)
A short command: 'To Athens speed thy flight,
On curs'd Aglauros try thy utmost art,
And fix thy rankest venoms in her heart.'
This said, her spear she push'd against the ground,
And mounting from it with an active bound
Flew off to heaven. The hag with eyes askew
Look'd up, and mutter'd curses as she flew;
For sore she fretted, and began to grieve
At the success which she herself must give.
Then takes her staff hung round with wreaths of
thorn,

And sails along, in a black whirlwind borne,
O'er fields and flowery meadows: where she steers
Her baneful course a mighty blast appears,
Mildews and blights; the meadows are defac'd,
The fields, the flowers, and the whole year laid waste.
On mortals next and peopled towns she falls,
And breathes a burning plague among their walls.

When Athens she beheld, for arts renown'd,
With peace made happy, and with plenty crown'd;
Scarce could the hideous fiend from tears forbear,
'To find out nothing that deserv'd a tear.

The' apartment now she enter'd, where at rest
Aglauros lay, with gentle sleep oppress'd;
To execute Minerva's dire command,
She strok'd the virgin with her canker'd hand,
Then prickly thorns into her breast convey'd,
That stung to madness the devoted maid;
Her subtle venom still improves the smart,
Frets in the blood, and festers in the heart.

To make the work more sure, a scene she drew,
And plac'd before the dreaming virgin's view
Her sister's marriage, and her glorious fate ;
The' imaginary bride appears in state ;
The bridegroom with unwonted beauty glows,
For Envy magnifies whate'er she shows.

Full of the dream, Aglauros pin'd away
In tears all night, in darkness all the day ;
Consum'd like ice, that just begins to run
When feebly smitten by the distant sun ;
Or like unwholesome weeds, that set on fire
Are slowly wasted, and in smoke expire :
Giv'n up to envy (for in every thought
The thorns, the venom, and the vision wrought)
Oft did she call on death, as oft decreed,
Rather than see her sister's wish succeed,
'To tell her awful father what had pass'd ;
At length before the door herself she cast ;
And, sitting on the ground with sullen pride,
A passage to the lovesick god denied.
'The god caress'd, and for admission pray'd,
And sooth'd in softest words the' envenom'd maid.
In vain he sooth'd : ' Begone!' the maid replies,
' Or here I keep my seat and never rise.'
' Then keep thy seat for ever,' cries the god,
And touch'd the door wide opening to his rod.
Fain would she rise and stop him, but she found
Her trunk too heavy to forsake the ground ;
Her joints are all benumb'd, her hands are pale,
And marble now appears in every nail.
As when a cancer in the body feeds,
And gradual death from limb to limb proceeds,
So does the chilness to each vital part
Spread by degrees, and creeps into her heart ;

'Till hardening every where, and speechless grown,
She sits unmov'd, and freezes to a stone.
But still her envious hue and sullen mien
Are in the sedentary figure seen.

EUROPA'S RAPE.

When now the god his fury had allay'd,
And taken vengeance of the stubborn maid;
From where the bright Athenian turrets rise
He mounts aloft, and re-ascends the skies.
Jove saw him enter the sublime abodes,
And as he mix'd among the crowd of gods,
Beckon'd him out, and drew him from the rest,
And in soft whispers thus his will express'd:

' My trusty Hermes, by whose ready aid
Thy sire's commands are through the world convey'd,
Resume thy wings, exert their utmost force,
And to the walls of Sidon speed thy course;
There find a herd of heifers wandering o'er
The neighbouring hill, and drive 'em to the shore.'

Thus spoke the god, concealing his intent.
The trusty Hermes on his message went,
And found the herd of heifers wandering o'er
A neighbouring hill, and drove 'em to the shore;
Where the king's daughter, with a lovely train
Of fellow-nymphs, was sporting on the plain.

The dignity of empire laid aside,
(For love but ill agrees with kingly pride)
The ruler of the skies, the thundering god,
Who shakes the world's foundations with a nod,
Among a herd of lowing heifers ran,
Frisk'd in a bull, and bellow'd o'er the plain.
Large rolls of fat about his shoulders clung,
And from his neck the double dewlap hung;

His skin was whiter than the snow that lies
Unsullied by the breath of southern skies,
Small shining horns on his curl'd forehead stand,
As turn'd and polish'd by the workman's hand ;
His eye-balls roll'd, not formidably bright,
But gaz'd and languish'd with a gentle light ;
His every look was peaceful, and express'd
The softness of the lover in the beast.

Agenor's royal daughter, as she play'd
Among the fields, the milk-white bull survey'd,
And view'd his spotless body with delight,
And at a distance kept him in her sight.
At length she pluck'd the rising flowers, and fed
The gentle beast, and fondly strok'd his head.
He stood well pleas'd to touch the charming fair,
But hardly could confine his pleasure there.
And now he wantons o'er the neighbouring strand,
Now rolls his body on the yellow sand,
And now, perceiving all her fears decay'd,
Comes tossing forward to the royal maid ;
Gives her his breast to stroke, and downward turns
His grizly brow, and gently stoops his horns.
In flowery wreaths the royal virgin dress'd
His bending horns, and kindly clapp'd his breast :
Till now grown wanton and devoid of fear,
Not knowing that she press'd the Thunderer,
She plac'd herself upon his back, and rode
O'er fields and meadows seated on the god.

He gently march'd along, and by degrees
Left the dry meadow and approach'd the seas,
Where now he dips his hoofs and wets his thighs,
Now plunges in and carries off the prize.
The frighted nymph looks backward on the shore,
And hears the tumbling billows round her roar,

But still she holds him fast; one hand is borne
Upon his back, the other grasps a horn;
Her train of ruffling garments flies behind,
Swells in the air, and hovers in the wind.

Through storms and tempests he the virgin bore,
And lands her safe on the Dictæan shore,
Where now, in his divinest form array'd,
In his true shape he captivates the maid,
Who gazes on him, and with wondering eyes
Beholds the new majestic figure rise,
His glowing features and celestial light,
And all the god discover'd to her sight.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK III.

TRANSLATED BY ADDISON.

THE STORY OF CADMUS.

WHEN now Agenor had his daughter lost,
He sent his son to search on every coast,
And sternly bid him to his arms restore
The darling maid, or see his face no more,
But live an exile in a foreign clime ;
Thus was the father pious to a crime.

The restless youth search'd all the world around,
But how can Jove in his amours be found ?
When, tir'd at length with unsuccessful toil,
To shun his angry sire and native soil,
He goes a suppliant to the Delphic dome,
There asks the god what new appointed home
Should end his wanderings, and his toils relieve.
The Delphic oracles this answer give :

‘ Behold among the fields a lonely cow,
Unworn with yokes, unbroken to the plow ;
Mark well the place where first she lays her down,
There measure out thy walls and build thy town ;
And from the guide Bœotia call the land,
In which the destin'd walls and town shall stand.’

No sooner had he left the dark abode,
Big with the promise of the Delphic god,
When in the fields the fatal cow he view'd,
Nor gall'd with yokes, nor worn with servitude ; }
Her gently at a distance he pursued,
And as he walk'd aloof, in silence pray'd
To the great power whose counsels he obey'd.
Her way through flowery Panopè she took,
And now, Cephissus, cross'd thy silver brook ;
When to the heavens her spacious front she rais'd,
And bellow'd thrice, then backward turning, gaz'd
On those behind, till on the destin'd place
She stoop'd, and couch'd amid the rising grass.

Cadmus salutes the soil, and gladly hails
The new-found mountains, and the nameless vales,
And thanks the gods, and turns about his eye
To see his new dominions round him lie ;
Then sends his servants to a neighbouring grove
For living streams, a sacrifice to Jove.
O'er the wide plain there rose a shady wood
Of aged trees ; in its dark bosom stood
A bushy thicket, pathless and unworn,
O'errun with brambles, and perplex'd with thorn :
Amidst the brake a hollow den was found,
With rocks and shelving arches vaulted round.

Deep in the dreary den, conceal'd from day,
Sacred to Mars, a mighty dragon lay,
Bloated with poison to a monstrous size ;
Fire broke in flashes when he glanc'd his eyes :
His towering crest was glorious to behold,
His shoulders and his sides were scal'd with gold ;
Three tongues he brandish'd when he charg'd his foes ;
His teeth stood jaggy in three dreadful rows.
The Tyrians in the den for water sought,
And with their urns explor'd the hollow vault :

From side to side their empty urns rebound,
And rouse the sleeping serpent with the sound.
Straight he bestirs him, and is seen to rise ;
And now with dreadful hissings fills the skies,
And darts his forky tongues, and rolls his glaring
eyes.

The Tyrians drop their vessels in the fright,
All pale and trembling at the hideous sight.
Spire above spire uprear'd in air he stood,
And gazing round him overlook'd the wood :
Then floating on the ground, in circles roll'd ;
Then leap'd upon them in a mighty fold.
Of such a bulk, and such a monstrous size
The serpent in the polar circle lies,
That stretches over half the northern skies.

In vain the Tyrians on their arms rely,
In vain attempt to fight, in vain to fly ;
All their endeavours and their hopes are vain ;
Some die entangled in the winding train ;
Some are devour'd, or feel a loathsome death,
Swoln up with blasts of pestilential breath.

And now the scorching sun was mounted high,
In all its lustre, to the noonday sky ;
When, anxious for his friends, and fill'd with cares,
To search the woods the impatient chief prepares.
A lion's hide around his loins he wore,
The well-pois'd javelin to the field he bore,
Inur'd to blood ; the far-destroying dart ;
And, the best weapon, an undaunted heart.

Soon as the youth approach'd the fatal place,
He saw his servants breathless on the grass ;
The scaly foe amidst their corps he view'd,
Basking at ease, and feasting in their blood :
' Such friends,' he cries, ' deserv'd a longer date ;
But Cadmus will revenge or share their fate.'

Then heav'd a stone, and rising to the throw,
He sent it in a whirlwind at the foe :
A tower, assaulted by so rude a stroke,
With all its lofty battlements had shook ;
But nothing here the' unwieldy rock avails,
Rebounding harmless from the plaited scales,
That, firmly join'd, preserv'd him from a wound,
With native armour crusted all around.
With more success the dart unerring flew,
Which at his back the raging warrior threw ;
Amid the plaited scales it took its course,
And in the spinal marrow spent its force.
The monster hiss'd aloud, and rag'd in vain,
And writh'd his body to and fro with pain ;
He bit the dart, and wrench'd the wood away ;
The point still buried in the marrow lay.
And now his rage, increasing with his pain,
Reddens his eyes, and beats in every vein ;
Churn'd in his teeth the foamy venom rose,
Whilst from his mouth a blast of vapours flows,
Such as the' infernal Stygian waters cast ;
The plants around him wither in the blast.
Now in a maze of rings he lies enroll'd,
Now all unravel'd, and without a fold ;
Now, like a torrent, with a mighty force
Bears down the forest in his boisterous course.
Cadmus gave back, and on the lion's spoil
Sustain'd the shock, then forc'd him to recoil ;
The pointed javelin warded off his rage :
Mad with his pains, and furious to engage,
The serpent champs the steel, and bites the spear,
Till blood and venom all the point besmear.
But still the hurt he yet receiv'd was slight ;
For, while the champion with redoubled might

Strikes home the javelin, his retiring foe
Shrinks from the wound, and disappoints the blow.

The dauntless hero still pursues his stroke,
And presses forward, till a knotty oak
Retards his foe, and stops him in the rear ;
Full in his throat he plung'd the fatal spear,
That in the' extended neck a passage found,
And pierc'd the solid timber through the wound.
Fix'd to the reeling trunk, with many a stroke
Of his huge tail he lash'd the sturdy oak ;
Till spent with toil, and labouring hard for breath,
He now lay twisting in the pangs of death.

Cadmus beheld him wallow in a flood
Of swimming poison, intermix'd with blood ;
When suddenly a speech was heard from high,
(The speech was heard, nor was the speaker nigh)
' Why dost thou thus with secret pleasure see,
Insulting man ! what thou thyself shalt be ?'
Astonish'd at the voice he stood amaz'd,
And all around with inward horror gaz'd ;
When Pallas swift descending from the skies,
Pallas, the guardian of the bold and wise,
Bids him plough up the field, and scatter round
The dragon's teeth o'er all the furrow'd ground ;
Then tells the youth how to his wondering eyes
Embattled armies from the field should rise.

He sows the teeth at Pallas's command,
And flings the future people from his hand.
The clods grow warm, and crumble where he sows ;
And now the pointed spears advance in rows ;
Now nodding plumes appear, and shining crests,
Now the broad shoulders and the rising breasts ;
O'er all the field the breathing harvest swarms,
A growing host, a crop of men and arms.

So through the parting stage a figure rears
Its body up, and limb by limb appears
By just degrees, till all the man arise;
And in his full proportion strikes the eyes.

Cadmus, surpris'd and startled at the sight
Of his new foes, prepar'd himself for fight;
When one cried out, 'Forbear, fond man, forbear
To mingle in a blind promiscuous war.'
This said, he struck his brother to the ground,
Himself expiring by another's wound;
Nor did the third his conquest long survive,
Dying ere scarce he had begun to live.

The dire example ran through all the field,
Till heaps of brothers were by brothers kill'd;
The furrows swam in blood; and only five
Of all the vast increase were left alive.
Echion one, at Pallas's command,
Let fall the guiltless weapon from his hand,
And with the rest a peaceful treaty makes,
Whom Cadmus as his friends and partners takes;
So founds a city on the promis'd earth,
And gives his new Bœotian empire birth.

Here Cadmus reign'd, and now one would have
The royal founder in his exile bless'd; [guess'd
Long did he live within his new abodes,
Allied by marriage to the deathless gods;
And, in a fruitful wife's embraces old,
A long increase of children's children told;
But no frail man, however great or high,
Can be concluded bless'd before he die.

Actæon was the first of all his race
Who griev'd his grandsire in his borrow'd face;
Condemn'd by stern Diana to bemoan
The branching horns, and visage not his own;

To shun his once-lov'd dogs, to bound away,
 And from their huntsman to become their prey.
 And yet, consider why the change was wrought,
 You'll find it his misfortune, not his fault ;
 Or, if a fault, it was the fault of chance :
 For how can guilt proceed from ignorance ?

TRANSFORMATION OF ACTÆON INTO A STAG.

In a fair chase a shady mountain stood, [blood ;
 Well stor'd with game, and mark'd with trails of
 Here did the huntsmen, till the heat of day,
 Pursue the stag, and load themselves with prey,
 When thus Actæon calling to the rest :
 ' My friends,' said he, ' our sport is at the best,
 The sun is high advanc'd, and downward sheds
 His burning beams directly on our heads ;
 Then by consent abstain from further spoils,
 Call off the dogs, and gather up the toils ;
 And ere to-morrow's sun begins his race,
 Take the cool morning to renew the chase.'
 They all consent, and in a cheerful train
 The jolly huntsmen, loaden with the slain,
 Return in triumph from the sultry plain. }

Down in a vale with pine and cypress clad,
 Refresh'd with gentle winds, and brown with shade,
 The chaste Diana's private haunt, there stood
 Full in the centre of the darksome wood
 A spacious grotto, all around o'ergrown
 With hoary moss, and arch'd with punice-stone.
 From out its rocky clefts the waters flow,
 And trickling swell into a lake below.
 Nature had everywhere so play'd her part,
 That everywhere she seem'd to vie with art.
 Here the bright goddess, toil'd and chaf'd with heat,
 Was wont to bathe her in the cool retreat.

Here did she now with all her train resort,
Panting with heat, and breathless from the sport ;
Her armour-bearer laid her bow aside,
Some loos'd her sandals, some her veil untied ;
Each busy nymph her proper part undress'd,
While Crocale, more handy than the rest,
Gather'd her flowing hair, and in a noose
Bound it together, whilst her own hung loose.
Five of the more ignoble sort, by turns
Fetch up the water, and unlade the urns.

Now all undress'd the shining goddess stood,
When young Actæon, wilder'd in the wood,
To the cool grot by his hard fate betray'd,
The fountains fill'd with naked nymphs survey'd.
The frighted virgins shriek'd at the surprise,
(The forest echo'd with their piercing cries)
Then in a huddle round their goddess press'd ;
She, proudly eminent above the rest,
With blushes glow'd, such blushes as adorn
The ruddy welkin, or the purple morn ;
And though the crowding nymphs her body hide,
Half backward shrunk, and view'd him from aside.
Surpris'd at first she would have snatch'd her bow,
But sees the circling waters round her flow ;
These in the hollow of her hand she took,
And dash'd 'em in his face, while thus she spoke :
' Tell, if thou canst, the wondrous sight disclos'd,
A goddess naked to thy view expos'd.'

This said, the man begun to disappear
By slow degrees, and ended in a deer.
A rising horn on either brow he wears,
And stretches out his neck and pricks his ears,
Rough is his skin, with sudden hairs o'ergrown,
His bosom pants with fears before unknown :

Transform'd at length he flies away in haste,
And wonders why he flies away so fast.
But as by chance within a neighbouring brook,
He saw his branching horns and alter'd look ;
Wretched Actæon ! in a doleful tone
He tried to speak, but only gave a groan ;
And as he wept, within the watry glass
He saw the big round drops with silent pace
Run trickling down a savage hairy face. }
What should he do ? or seek his old abodes,
Or herd among the deer, and skulk in woods ?
Here shame dissuades him, there his fear prevails,
And each by turns his aching heart assails.

As he thus ponders, he behind him spies
His opening hounds, and now he hears their cries :
A generous pack, or to maintain the chase,
Or snuff the vapour from the scented grass.

He bounded off with fear, and swiftly ran
O'er craggy mountains and the flowery plain ;
Through brakes and thickets forc'd his way, and flew
Through many a ring where once he did pursue.
In vain he oft endeavour'd to proclaim
His new misfortune, and to tell his name ;
Nor voice nor words the brutal tongue supplies ; }
From shouting men, and horns and dogs, he flies, }
Deafen'd and stun'd with their promiscuous cries. }
When now the fleetest of the pack, that press'd
Close at his heels, and sprung before the rest,
Had fasten'd on him ; straight another pair
Hung on his wounded haunch, and held him there,
Till all the pack came up, and every hound
'Tore the sad huntsman groveling on the ground, }
Who now appear'd but one continued wound. }
With dropping tears his bitter fate he moans,
And fills the mountain with his dying groans.

His servants with a piteous look he spies,
 And turns about his supplicating eyes.
 His servants, ignorant of what had chanc'd,
 With eager haste and joyful shouts advanc'd,
 And call'd their lord Actæon to the game.
 He shook his head in answer to the name ;
 He heard, but wish'd he had indeed been gone,
 Or only to have stood a looker-on.
 But to his grief he finds himself too near,
 And feels his ravenous dogs with fury tear
 Their wretched master panting in a deer. }

THE BIRTH OF BACCHUS.

Actæon's sufferings, and Diana's rage,
 Did all the thoughts of men and gods engage ;
 Some call'd the evils which Diana wrought
 Too great, and disproportion'd to the fault :
 Others, again, esteem'd Actæon's woes
 Fit for a virgin-goddess to impose.
 The hearers into different parts divide,
 And reasons are produc'd on either side.

Juno alone, of all that heard the news,
 Nor would condemn the goddess nor excuse :
 She heeded not the justice of the deed,
 But joy'd to see the race of Cadmus bleed ;
 For still she kept Europa in her mind,
 And for her sake detested all her kind.
 Besides, to aggravate her hate, she heard
 How Semele, to Jove's embrace prefer'd,
 Was now grown big with an immortal load,
 And carried in her womb a future god.
 Thus terribly incens'd, the goddess broke
 To sudden fury, and abruptly spoke :

' Are my reproaches of so small a force ?
 'Tis time I then pursue another course :

It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die,
If I'm indeed the mistress of the sky;
If rightly styl'd among the powers above
The wife and sister of the thundering Jove;
(And none can surc a sister's right deny)
It is decreed the guilty wretch shall die.
She boasts an honour I can hardly claim,
Pregnant she rises to a mother's name;
While proud and vain she triumphs in her Jove,
And shows the glorious tokens of his love;
But if I'm still the mistress of the skies,
By her own lover the fond beauty dies.'
This said, descending in a yellow cloud,
Before the gates of Semele she stood.

Old Beroë's decrepit shape she wears,
Her wrinkled visage, and her hoary hairs;
Whilst in her trembling gait she totters on,
And learns to tattle in the nurse's tone.
The goddess, thus disguis'd in age, beguil'd
With pleasing stories her false foster-child.
Much did she talk of love, and when she came
To mention to the nymph her lover's name,
Fetching a sigh, and holding down her head,
' 'Tis well,' says she, 'if all be true that's said.
But trust me, child, I'm much inclin'd to fear
Some counterfeit in this your Jupiter.
Many an honest well-designing maid
Has been by these pretended gods betray'd.
But if he be indeed the thundering Jove,
Bid him, when next he courts the rites of love,
Descend triumphant from the' ethereal sky,
In all the pomp of his divinity;
Encompass'd round by those celestial charms
With which he fills the' immortal Juno's arms.'

The unwary nymph, ensnar'd with what she said,
 Desir'd of Jove, when next he sought her bed,
 To grant a certain gift which she would choose ;
 ' Fear not,' replied the god, ' that I'll refuse
 Whate'er you ask ; may Styx confirm my voice,
 Choose what you will and you shall have your choice.'
 ' Then' says the nymph, ' when next you seek my
 May you descend in those celestial charms [arms,
 With which your Juno's bosom you inflame,
 And fill with transport heaven's immortal dame,'
 The god, surpris'd, would fain have stop'd her voice ;
 But he had sworn, and she had made her choice.

To keep his promise he ascends, and shrouds
 His awful brow in whirlwinds and in clouds ;
 Whilst all around in terrible array,
 His thunders rattle and his lightnings play,
 And yet, the dazzling lustre to abate,
 He set not out in all his pomp and state ;
 Clad in the mildest lightning of the skies,
 And arm'd with thunder of the smallest size ;
 Not those huge bolts, by which the giants slain
 Lay overthrown on the Phlegrean plain :
 'Twas of a lesser mould and lighter weight,
 They call it thunder of a second-rate ;
 For the rough Cyclops, who by Jove's command
 Temper'd the bolt, and turn'd it to his hand,
 Work'd up less flame and fury in its make,
 And quench'd it sooner in the standing lake.
 Thus dreadfully adorn'd with horror bright,
 The illustrious god, descending from his height,
 Came rushing on her in a storm of light. }

The mortal dame, too feeble to engage
 The lightning's flashes and the thunder's rage,
 Consum'd amidst the glories she desir'd,
 And in the terrible embrace expir'd.

But to preserve his offspring from the tomb,
 Jove took him smoking from the blasted womb :
 And, if on ancient tales we may rely,
 Inclos'd the' abortive infant in his thigh.
 Here when the babe had all his time fulfill'd,
 Ino first took him for her foster-child ;
 Then the Niseans, in their dark abode,
 Nurs'd secretly with milk the thriving god.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF TIRESIAS.

'Twas now while these transactions pass'd on earth,
 And Bacchus thus procur'd a second birth ;
 When Jove, dispos'd to lay aside the weight
 Of public empire and the cares of state,
 As to his queen in nectar bowls he quaff'd ;
 ' In troth,' says he, and as he spoke he laugh'd,
 ' The sense of pleasure in the male is far
 More dull and dead, than what you females share.'
 Juno the truth of what was said denied,
 Tiresias therefore must the cause decide,
 For he the pleasure of each sex had tried. }

It happen'd once, within a shady wood,
 Two twisted snakes he in conjunction view'd,
 When with his staff their slimy folds he broke,
 And lost his manhood at the fatal stroke.
 But after seven revolving years, he view'd
 The self-same serpents in the self-same wood :
 ' And if,' says he, ' such virtue in you lie,
 That he who dares your slimy folds untie
 Must change his kind, a second stroke I'll try.' }
 Again he struck the snakes, and stood again
 New-sex'd, and straight recover'd into man.
 Him therefore both the deities create
 The sovereign umpire in their grand debate :

And he declar'd for Jove ; when Juno, fir'd,
More than so trivial an affair requir'd,
Depriv'd him in her fury of his sight,
And left him groping round in sudden night.
But Jove (for so it is in heaven decreed,
That no one god repeal another's deed)
Irradiates all his soul with inward light,
And with the prophet's art relieves the want of sight.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF ECHO.

Fam'd far and near for knowing things to come,
From him the' inquiring nations sought their doom ;
The fair Liriope his answers tried,
And first the' unerring prophet justified.
This nymph the god Cephissus had abus'd,
With all his winding waters circumfus'd,
And on the Nereid got a lovely boy,
Whom the soft maids ev'n then beheld with joy.

The tender dame, solicitous to know
Whether her child should reach old age or no,
Consults the sage Tiresias, who replies,
' If e'er he knows himself, he surely dies.'
Long liv'd the dubious mother in suspense,
Till time unriddled all the prophet's sense.

Narcissus now his sixteenth year began,
Just turn'd of boy, and on the verge of man ;
Many a friend the blooming youth caress'd,
Many a lovesick maid her flame confess'd.
Such was his pride in vain the friend caress'd,
The lovesick maid in vain her flame confess'd.

Once, in the woods, as he pursued the chase,
The babbling Echo had descried his face ;
She, who in others' words her silence breaks,
Nor speaks herself but when another speaks.

Echo was then a maid of speech bereft,
Of wonted speech; for though her voice was left,
Juno a curse did on her tongue impose,
To sport with every sentence in the close.
Full often when the goddess might have caught
Jove and her rivals in the very fault,
'This nymph with subtle stories would delay
Her coming till the lovers slipt away.
The goddess found out the deceit in time,
And then she cried, 'That tongue for this thy crime,
Which could so many subtle tales produce,
Shall be hereafter but of little use.'

Hence 'tis she prattles in a fainter tone,
With mimic sounds and accents not her own.

This lovesick virgin, overjoy'd to find
The boy alone, still follow'd him behind;
When, glowing warmly at her near approach,
As sulphur blazes at the taper's touch,
She long'd her hidden passion to reveal,
And tell her pains, but had not words to tell:
She can't begin, but waits for the rebound,
To catch his voice and to return the sound.

The nymph, when nothing could Narcissus move,
Still dash'd with blushes for her slighted love,
Liv'd in the shady covert of the woods,
In solitary caves and dark abodes;
Where pining wander'd the rejected fair,
Till harass'd out, and worn away with care,
The sounding skeleton, of blood bereft,
Besides her bones and voice had nothing left.
Her bones are petrified, her voice is found
In vaults, where still it doubles every sound.

THE STORY OF NARCISSUS.

Thus did the nymphs in vain caress the boy;
He still was lovely, but he still was coy;
When one fair virgin of the slighted train
Thus pray'd the gods, provok'd by his disdain: }
' Oh may he love like me, and love like me in vain!'
Rhamnusia pitied the neglected fair,
And with just vengeance answer'd to her pray'r.

There stands a fountain in a darksome wood,
Nor stain'd with falling leaves, nor rising mud;
Untroubled by the breath of winds it rests
Unsullied by the touch of men or beasts;
High bowers of shady trees above it grow,
And rising grass and cheerful greens below.
Pleas'd with the form and coolness of the place,
And over-heated by the morning chase,
Narcissus on the grassy verdure lies; }
But whilst within the crystal fount he tries
To quench his heat he feels new heat arise.
For as his own bright image he survey'd,
He fell in love with the fantastic shade;
And o'er the fair resemblance hung unmov'd,
Nor knew, fond youth! it was himself he lov'd.
The well-turn'd neck and shoulders he descries,
The spacious forehead, and the sparkling eyes;
The hands that Bacchus might not scorn to show,
And hair that round Apollo's head might flow;
With all the purple youthfulness of face,
That gently blushes in the watery glass.
By his own flames consum'd the lover lies,
And gives himself the wound by which he dies.
To the cold water oft he joins his lips, }
Oft catching at the beauteous shade he dips
His arms, as often from himself he slips:

Nor knows he who it is his arms pursue
With eager clasps, but loves he knows not who.

What could, fond youth, this helpless passion
What kindled in thee this unpitied love? [move?
Thy own warm blush within the water glows,
With thee the colour'd shadow comes and goes,
Its empty being on thyself relies,
Step thou aside, and the frail charmer dies.

Still o'er the fountain's watery gleam he stood, }
Mindless of sleep, and negligent of food, }
Still view'd his face, and languish'd as he view'd. }
At length he rais'd his head, and thus began
To vent his griefs, and tell the woods his pain.
' You trees,' says he, 'and thou surrounding grove,
Who oft have been the kindly scenes of love,
Tell me, if e'er within your shades did lie
A youth so tortur'd, so perplex'd as I?
I, who before me see the charming fair,
Whilst there he stands, and yet he stands not there ;
In such a maze of love my thoughts are lost ;
And yet no bulwark'd town, nor distant coast,
Preserves the beauteous youth from being seen ;
No mountains rise, nor oceans flow between.
A shallow water hinders my embrace,
And yet the lovely mimic wears a face
That kindly smiles, and when I bend to join
My lips to his, he fondly bends to mine.
Hear, gentle youth, and pity my complaint,
Come from thy well, thou fair inhabitant.
My charms an easy conquest have obtain'd
O'er other hearts, by thee alone disdain'd.
But why should I despair? I'm sure he burns
With equal flames, and languishes by turns.
Whene'er I stoop he offers at a kiss,
And when my arms I stretch, he stretches his.

His eyes with pleasure on my face he keeps,
He smiles my smiles, and when I weep he weeps,
Whene'er I speak, his moving lips appear
To utter something which I cannot hear.

' Ah, wretched me! I now begin too late
To find out all the long-perplex'd deceit;
It is myself I love, myself I see,
The gay delusion is a part of me.
I kindle up the fires by which I burn,
And my own beauties from the well return,
Whom should I court? How utter my complaint? }
Enjoyment but produces my restraint, }
And too much plenty makes me die for want. }
How gladly would I from myself remove!
And at a distance set the thing I love.
My breast is warm'd with such unusual fire,
I wish him absent whom I most desire.
And now I faint with grief, my fate draws nigh;
In all the pride of blooming youth I die;
Death will the sorrows of my heart relieve.
Oh, might the visionary youth survive,
I should with joy my latest breath resign!
But oh! I see his fate involv'd in mine.'

This said, the weeping youth again return'd
To the clear fountain, where again he burn'd;
His tears defac'd the surface of the well,
With circle after circle as they fell:
And now the lovely face but half appears,
O'errun with wrinkles, and deform'd with tears.
' Ah whither,' cries Narcissus ' dost thou fly?
Let me still feed the flame by which I die;
Let me still see, though I'm no further bless'd.'
Then rends his garment off, and beats his breast;
His naked bosom reddens with the blow,
In such a blush as purple clusters show,

Ere yet the sun's autumnal heats refine
 Their sprightly juice, and mellow it to wine :
 The glowing beauties of his breast he spies,
 And with a new redoubled passion dies.
 As wax dissolves, as ice begins to run,
 And trickle into drops before the sun ;
 So melts the youth, and languishes away,
 His beauty withers, and his limbs decay ;
 And none of those attractive charms remain,
 To which the slighted Echo su'd in vain.

She saw him in his present misery,
 Whom, spite of all her wrongs, she griev'd to see.
 She answer'd sadly to the lover's moan,
 Sigh'd back his sighs, and groan'd to every groan :
 ' Ah youth ! belov'd in vain,' Narcissus cries ;
 ' Ah youth ! belov'd in vain,' the nymph replies.
 ' Farewell,' says he ; the parting sound scarce fell
 From his faint lips, but she replied, ' Farewell.'
 Then on the' unwholesome earth he gasping lies,
 Till death shuts up those self-admiring eyes.
 To the cold shades his flitting ghost retires,
 And in the Stygian waves itself admires.

For him the Naiads and the Dryads mourn, }
 Whom the sad Echo answers in her turn, }
 And now the sister-nymphs prepare his urn :
 When, looking for his corpse, they only found
 A rising stalk, with yellow blossoms crown'd.

THE STORY OF PENTHEUS.

This sad event gave blind Tiresias fame,
 Through Greece establish'd in a prophet's name.

The' unhallow'd Pentheus only durst deride
 The cheated people, and their eyeless guide :
 To whom the prophet in his fury said,
 Shaking the hoary honours of his head ;

'Twere well, presumptuous man, 'twere well for
If thou wert eyeless too, and blind like me: [thee,
For the time comes, nay 'tis already here,
When the young god's solemnities appear;
Which, if thou dost not with just rites adorn, }
Thy impious carcase, into pieces torn, }
Shall strew the woods, and hang on every thorn. }
'Then, then, remember what I now foretel,
And own the blind Tiresias saw too well.'

Still Pentheus scorns him, and derides his skill;
But time did all the prophet's threats fulfil. [rode,
For now through prostrate Greece young Bacchus
Whilst howling matrons celebrate the god;
All ranks and sexes to his orgies ran,
To mingle in the pomps, and fill the train;
When Pentheus thus his wicked rage express'd:
'What madness, Thebans, has your souls possess'd?
Can hollow timbrels, can a drunken shout,
And the lewd clamours of a beastly rout,
'Thus quell your courage? Can the weak alarm
Of women's yells those stubborn souls disarm,
Whom nor the sword nor trumpet e'er could fright,
Nor the loud din and horror of a fight?
And you, our sires, who left your old abodes,
And fix'd in foreign earth your country gods,
Will you without a stroke your city yield,
And poorly quit an undisputed field?
But you, whose youth and vigour should inspire
Heroic warmth, and kindle martial fire,
Whom burnish'd arms and crested helmets grace,
Not flowery garlands and a painted face;
Remember him to whom you stand allied,
The serpent for his well of waters died.
He fought the strong, do you his courage show,
And gain a conquest o'er a feeble foe.

If Thebes must fall, oh ! might the fates afford
A nobler doom from famine, fire, or sword.
Then might the Thebans perish with renown ;
But now a beardless victor sacks the town ;
Whom nor the prancing steed nor pondrous shield,
Nor the hack'd helmet, nor the dusty field,
But the soft joys of luxury and ease,
The purple vests and flowery garlands please :
Stand then aside, I'll make the counterfeit
Renounce his god-head, and confess the cheat.
Acrisius from the Grecian walls repell'd [yield ?
'This boasted power : why then should Pentheus
Go quickly, drag the' impostor boy to me,
I'll try the force of his divinity.'

Thus did the' audacious wretch those rites profane ;
His friends dissuade the' audacious wretch in vain ;
In vain his grandsire urg'd him to give o'er
His impious threats ; the wretch but raves the more.

So have I seen a river gently glide
In a smooth course and inoffensive tide ;
But if with dams its current we restrain,
It bears down all, and foams along the plain.

But now his servants came besmear'd with blood,
Sent by their haughty prince to seize the god ;
The god they found not in the frantic throng,
But drag'd a zealous votary along.

THE MARINERS TRANSFORMED TO DOLPHINS.

Him Pentheus view'd with fury in his look,
And scarce withheld his hands whilst thus he spoke :
' Vile slave ! whom speedy vengeance shall pursue,
And terrify thy base seditious crew ;
Thy country and thy parentage reveal,
And why thou join'st in these mad orgies tell.'

The captive views him with undaunted eyes ;
And, arm'd with inward innocence, replies :
‘ From high Meonia’s rocky shores I came,
Of poor descent, Acœtes is my name ;
My sire was meanly born ; no oxen plough’d
His fruitful fields, nor in his pastures low’d.
His whole estate within the waters lay,
With lines and hooks he caught the finny prey ;
His art was all his livelihood, which he
Thus with his dying lips bequeath’d to me :
‘ In streams, my boy ; and rivers take thy chance ;
There swims,’ said he, ‘ thy whole inheritance.’
Long did I live on this poor legacy,
Till, tir’d with rocks and my old native sky,
To arts of navigation I inclin’d,
Observ’d the turns and changes of the wind ;
Learn’d the fit havens, and began to note
The stormy Hyades, the rainy Goat,
The bright Taygete, and the shining Bears,
With all the sailor’s catalogue of stars.
Once as by chance for Delos I design’d,
My vessel, driven by a strong gust of wind,
Moor’d in a Chian creek, ashore I went,
And all the following night in Chios spent.
When morning rose I sent my mates to bring -
Supplies of water from a neighbouring spring,
Whilst I the motion of the winds explor’d ;
Then summon’d in my crew, and went aboard.
Opheltès heard my summons, and with joy
Brought to the shore a soft and lovely boy,
With more than female sweetness in his look,
Whom straggling in the neighbouring fields he took.
With fumes of wine the little captive glows,
And nods with sleep, and staggers as he goes.

‘ I view’d him nicely, and began to trace
Each heavenly feature, each immortal grace,
And saw divinity in all his face. }
“ I know not who,” said I, “ this god should be,
But that he is a god I plainly see ;
And thou, whoe’er thou art, excuse the force
These men have us’d ; and oh, befriend our course !”
“ Pray not for us,” the nimble Dictys cried, }
Dictys, that could the main-top mast bestride,
And down the ropes with active vigour slide.
To the same purpose old Epopeus spoke,
Who overlook’d the oars and tim’d the stroke ;
‘The same the pilot, and the same the rest,
Such impious avarice their souls possess’d.
“ Nay, heaven forbid that I should bear away
Within my vessel so divine a prey,”
Said I, and stood to hinder their intent ; }
When Lycabas, a wretch for murder sent
From Tuscany to suffer banishment,
With his clench’d fist had struck me overboard,
Had not my hands, in falling, grasp’d a cord.
‘ His base confederates the fact approve,
When Bacchus, (for ’twas he) begun to move,
Wak’d by the noise and clamours which they rais’d,
And shook his drowsy limbs, and round him gaz’d :
“ What means this noise ?” he cries, “ am I betray’d ?
Ah, whither, whither must I be convey’d ?”
“ Fear not,” said Proreus, “ child, but tell us where
You wish to land, and trust our friendly care.”
“ To Naxos then direct your course,” said he : }
“ Naxos a hospitable port shall be
To each of you, a joyful home to me.”
By every god that rules the sea or sky,
The perjur’d villainus promise to comply,

And bid me hasten to unmoor the ship ;
With eager joy I launch into the deep,
And heedless of the fraud for Naxos stand ;
They whisper oft, and beckon with the hand,
And give me signs, all anxious for their prey,
To tack about and steer another way.

" Then let some other to my post succeed,"

Said I, " I'm guiltless of so foul a deed."

" What," says Ethalion, " must the ship's whole crew
Follow your humour, and depend on you?"

And straight himself he seated at the prore,
And tack'd about, and sought another shore.

' The beauteous youth now found himself be-
tray'd,

And from the deck the rising waves survey'd,
And seem'd to weep, and as he wept he said :

" And do you thus my easy faith beguile?

Thus do you bear me to my native isle?

Will such a multitude of men employ

Their strength against a weak defenceless boy?"

' In vain did I the godlike youth deplore,

The more I beg'd they thwarted me the more.

And now by all the gods in heaven that hear

This solemn oath, by Bacchus' self I swear,

The mighty miracle that did ensue,

Although it seems beyond belief, is true.

The vessel, fix'd and rooted in the flood,

Unmov'd by all the beating billows stood :

In vain the mariners would plough the main

With sails unfurl'd, and strike their oars in vain ;

Around their oars a twining ivy cleaves,

And climbs the mast, and hides the cords in leaves ;

The sails are cover'd with a cheerful green,

And berries in the fruitful canvass seen.

Amidst the waves a sudden forest rears
Its verdant head, and a new spring appears.

‘The god we now behold with open’d eyes ;
A herd of spotted panthers round him lies
In glaring forms ; the grapy clusters spread
On his fair brows, and dangle on his head.
And whilst he frowns and brandishes his spear,
My mates, surpris’d with madness or with fear,
Leap’d overboard ; first perjur’d Madon found
Rough scales and fins his stiffening sides surround ;
“ Ah ! what,” cries one, “ has thus transform’d thy
look ?”

Straight his own mouth grew wider as he spoke ;
And now himself he views with like surprise.

Still at his oar the industrious Libys plies ;
But as he plies, each busy arm shrinks in,
And by degrees is fashion’d to a fin :
Another, as he catches at a cord,
Misses his arms, and, tumbling overboard,
With his broad fins and forky tail he laves
The rising surge, and flounces in the waves.
Thus all my crew transform’d around the ship,
Or dive below, or on the surface leap,
And spout the waves, and wanton in the deep. }
Full nineteen sailors did the ship convey,
A shoal of nineteen dolphins round her play.

I only in my proper shape appear,
Speechless with wonder, and half dead with fear,
Till Bacchus kindly bid me fear no more :
With him I landed on the Chian shore, }
And him shall ever gratefully adore.’ }

‘This forging slave,’ says Pentheus, ‘ would prevail
O’er our just fury by a far-fetch’d tale :
Go, let him feel the whips, the swords, the fire,
And in the tortures of the rack expire.’

The' officious servants hurry him away,
And the poor captive in a dungeon lay ;
But whilst the whips and tortures are prepar'd,
The gates fly open, of themselves unbarr'd ;
At liberty the' unfetter'd captive stands,
And flings the loosen'd shackles from his hands.

THE DEATH OF PENTHEUS.

But Pentheus, grown more furious than before,
Resolv'd to send his messengers no more,
But went himself to the distracted throng,
Where high Cithæron echo'd with their song.
And as the fiery war-horse paws the ground,
And snorts and trembles at the trumpet's sound ;
Transported thus he heard the frantic rout,
And rav'd and madden'd at the distant shout.

A spacious circuit on the hill there stood,
Level and wide, and skirted round with wood ;
Here the rash Pentheus, with unhallow'd eyes,
The howling dames and mystic orgies spies.
His mother sternly view'd him where he stood,
And kindled into madness as she view'd :
Her leafy javelin at her son she cast,
And cries, 'The boar that lays our country waste!
The boar, my sisters ! aim the fatal dart,
And strike the brindled monster to the heart.'

Pentheus astonish'd heard the dismal sound,
And sees the yelling matrons gathering round ;
He sees, and weeps at his approaching fate,
And begs for mercy, and repents too late.
' Help ! help ! my aunt Autonoe,' he cried,
' Remember how your own Actæon died.'
Deaf to his cries the frantic matron crops
One stretch'd-out arm, the other Ino lops.

In vain does Pentheus to his mother sue,
And the raw bleeding stumps presents to view :
His mother howl'd, and, heedless of his pray'r, }
Her trembling hand she twisted in his hair, }
' And this,' she cried, ' shall be Agave's share.' }
When from the neck his struggling head she tore,
And in her hands the ghastly visage bore ;
With pleasure all the hideous trunk survey ; }
Then pull'd and tore the mangled limbs away, }
As, starting, in the pangs of death it lay. }
Soon as the wood its leafy honours casts,
Blown off and scatter'd by autumnal blasts,
With such a sudden death lay Pentheus slain,
And in a thousand pieces strow'd the plain.

By so distinguishing a judgment aw'd,
The Thebans tremble, and confess the god.

OVID'S METAMORPHOSES.

BOOK IV.

THE STORY OF ALCITHÖE AND HER SISTERS.

BY EUSDEN.

YET still Alcithöe perverse remains,
And Bacchus still and all his rites disdains:
Too rash and madly bold, she bids him prove
Himself a god, nor owns the son of Jove.
Her sisters too unanimous agree,
Faithful associates in impiety.

‘Be this a solemn feast,’ the priest had said,
‘Be, with each mistress, unemploy’d each maid.
With skins of beasts your tender limbs inclose,
And with an ivy-crown adorn your brows,
The leafy Thyrsus high in triumph bear,
And give your locks to wanton in the air.’

These rites profan’d, the holy seer foreshow’d
A mourning people and a vengeful god.

Matrons and pious wives obedience show,
Distaffs and wool half-spun away they throw;
Then incense burn, and Bacchus thee adore;
Or lov’st thou Nysæus or Lyæus more?

‘Oh! doubly got, oh! doubly horn,’ they sung;
‘Thou mighty Bromius, hail, from lightning sprung!’

Hail, Thyon, Eleléus ! each name is thine :
Or listen parent of the genial vine !
Iäcchus ! Evan !' loudly they repeat,
And not one Grecian attribute forget,
Which to thy praise great deity belong ;
Styl'd justly *Liber* in the Roman song.
' Eternity of youth is thine ! enjoy
Years roll'd on years, yet still a blooming boy.
In heaven thou shin'st with a superior grace ;
Conceal thy horns, and 'tis a virgin's face.
Thou taught'st the tawny Indian to obey,
And Ganges smoothly flowing own'd thy sway ;
Lycurgus, Pentheus, equally profane ;
By thy just vengeance equally were slain :
By thee the Tuscans, who conspir'd to keep
Thee captive, plung'd, and cut with fins the deep.
With painted reins all-glittering from afar,
The spotted lynxes proudly draw thy car :
Around the Bacchæ and the satyrs throng,
Behind Silenus drunk lags slow along ;
On his dull ass he nods from side to side,
Forbears to fall, yet half forgets to ride.
Still at thy near approach applauses loud
Are heard, with yellings of the female crowd :
Timbrels and boxen pipes, with mingled cries,
Swell up in sounds confus'd, and rend the skies :
Come, Bacchus, come propitious, all implore
And act thy sacred orgies o'er and o'er.'

But Minews' daughters while these rites were
At home impertinently busy stay'd ; [pay'd,
Their wicked tasks they ply with various art,
And through the loom the sliding shuttle dart ;
Or at the fire to comb the wool they stand,
Or twirl the spindle with a dextrous hand :

Guilty themselves, they force the guiltless in ;
Their maids who share their labour share their sin.
At last one sister cries, who nimbly knew
To draw nice threads and wind the finest clue,
' While others idly rove, and gods revere,
Their fancied gods ! they know not who or where ;
Let us, whom Pallas taught her better arts,
Still working, cheer with mirthful chat our hearts ;
And, to deceive the time, let me prevail
With each by turns to tell some antique tale.'
She said ; her sisters like the humour well,
And, smiling, bade her the first story tell ;
But she awhile profoundly seem'd to muse,
Perplex'd amid variety to choose ;
And knew not whether she should first relate
The poor Dircetis and her wondrous fate.
'The Palestines believe it to a man,
And show the lake in which her scales began ;
Or if she rather should the daughter sing,
Who in the hoary verge of life took wing ;
Who soar'd from earth, and dwelt in towers on high,
And now a dove she flits along the sky ;
Or how lewd Nais, when her lust was cloy'd,
To fishes turn'd the youths she had enjoy'd,
By powerful verse and herbs ; effects most strange !
And last the changer shar'd herself the change.
Or how the tree which once white berries bore,
Still crimson bears, since stain'd with crimson gore :
The tree was new ; she likes it, and begins
To tell the tale, and as she tells she spins.

THE STORY OF PYRAMUS AND THISBE.

In Babylon, where first her queen for state
Rais'd walls of brick magnificently great,

Liv'd Pyramus and Thisbe, lovely pair! }
He found no eastern youth his equal there,
And she beyond the fairest nymph was fair.
A closer neighbourhood was never known,
Though two the houses yet the roof was one :
Acquaintance grew, the' acquaintance they improve
To friendship, friendship ripen'd into love :
Love had been crown'd, but impotently mad,
What parents could not hinder they forbad ;
For with fierce flames young Pyramus still burn'd,
And grateful Thisbe flames as fierce return'd.
Aloud in words their thoughts they dare not break,
But silent stand, and silent looks can speak :
The fire of love, the more it is suppress'd,
The more it glows and rages in the breast.

When the division-wall was built, a chink
Was left, the cement unobserv'd to shrink ;
So slight the cranny that it still had been
For centuries unclos'd, because unseen.
But oh ! what thing so small, so secret lies,
Which scapes, if form'd for love, a lover's eyes ?
Ev'n in this narrow chink they quickly found
A friendly passage for a trackless sound :
Safely they told their sorrows and their joys,
In whisper'd murmurs and a dying noise ;
By turns to catch each other's breath they strove,
And suck'd in all the balmy breeze of love.
Oft as on different sides they stood, they cried,
' Malicious wall, thus lovers to divide !
Suppose thou should'st awhile to us give place
To lock and fasten in a close embrace ;
But if too much to grant so sweet a bliss,
Indulge at least the pleasure of a kiss :

We scorn ingratitude ; to thee we know
This safe conveyance of our minds we owe.'

Thus they their vain petition did renew
Till night, and then they softly sigh'd adieu !
But first they strove to kiss, and that was all ;
Their kisses died untasted on the wall :
Soon as the morn had o'er the stars prevail'd,
And, warm'd by Phœbus, flowers their dew's exhale,
The lovers to their well-known place return,
Alike they suffer, and alike they mourn.
At last their parents they resolve to cheat,
(If to deceive in love be call'd deceit)
To steal by night from home, and thence unknown
To seek the fields, and quit the' unfaithful town.
But to prevent their wandering in the dark,
They both agree to fix upon a mark ;
A mark that could not their designs expose ;
The tomb of Ninus was the mark they chose.
There they might rest secure beneath the shade,
Which boughs with snowy fruit encumber'd made :
A wide-spread mulberry its rise had took
Just on the margin of a gurgling brook.
Impatient for the friendly dusk they stay,
And chide the slowness of departing day.
In western seas down sunk at last the light,
From western seas up-rose the shades of night :
The loving Thisbe ev'n prevents the hour,
With cautious silence she unlocks the door,
And veils her face, and marching through the gloom
Swiftly arrives at the' assignation-tomb ;
(For still the fearful sex can fearless prove ;
Boldly they act if spirited by love) :
When lo ! a lioness rush'd o'er the plain,
Grimly besmear'd with blood of oxen slain ;

And what to the dire sight new horrors brought,
To slake her thirst the neighbouring spring she
sought ;

Which by the moon when trembling Thisbe spies,
Wing'd with her fear, swift as the wind she flies,
And in a cave recovers from her fright,
But drop'd her veil, confounded in her flight.
When, sated with repeated draughts, again
The queen of beasts scour'd back along the plain,
She found the veil, and mouthing it all o'er,
With bloody jaws the lifeless prey she tore.

The youth, who could not cheat his guards so soon,
Late came, and noted by the glimmering moon
Some savage feet now printed on the ground ;
His cheeks turn'd pale, his limbs no vigour found ;
But when, advancing on, the veil he spied,
Distain'd with blood and ghastly torn, he cried,
' One night shall death to two young lovers give,
But she deserv'd unnumber'd years to live !
'Tis I am guilty, I have thee betray'd,
Who came not early as my charming maid.
Whatever slew thee I the cause remain,
I nam'd and fix'd the place where thou wast slain.
Ye lions from your neighbouring dens repair,
Pity the wretch, this impious body tear !
But cowards thus for death can idly cry,
The brave still have it in their power to die.'
Then to the appointed tree he hastes away,
The veil first gather'd, though all rent it lay :
The veil all rent, yet still itself endears,
He kiss'd, and kissing wash'd it with his tears.
' Though rich,' he cried, ' with many a precious stain,
Still from my blood a deeper tincture gain.'

Then in his breast his shining sword he drown'd,
And fell supine extended on the ground.
As out again the blade he dying drew,
Out spun the blood, and streaming upwards flew.
So if a conduit-pipe e'er burst you saw,
Swift spring the gushing waters through the flaw ;
Then spouting in a bow, they rise on high,
And a new fountain plays amid the sky :
The berries stain'd with blood began to show
A dark complexion, and forgot their snow ;
While, fatten'd with the flowing gore, the root
Was doom'd for ever to a purple fruit.

Meantime poor Thisbe fear'd, so long she stay'd,
Her lover might suspect a perjur'd maid.
Her fright scarce o'er, she strove the youth to find
With ardent eyes which spoke, and ardent mind :
Already in his arms, she hears him sigh
At her destruction which was once so nigh.
The tomb, the tree, but not the fruit she knew,
The fruit she doubted for its alter'd hue.
Still as she doubts her eyes a body found
Quivering in death, and gasping on the ground :
She started back, the red her cheeks forsook,
And every nerve with thrilling horrors shook ;
So trembles the smooth surface of the seas,
If brush'd o'er gently with a rising breeze :
But when her view her bleeding love confess'd,
She shriek'd, she tore her hair, she beat her breast :
She rais'd the body, and embrac'd it round,
And bath'd with tears unfeign'd the gaping wound ;
Then her warm lips to the cold face applied,
' And is it thus, ah ! thus we meet ? ' she cried,
' My Pyramus ! whence sprung thy cruel fate ?
My Pyramus !——ah ! speak ere 'tis too late ;

I, thy own Thisbe, but one word implore,
One word thy Thisbe never ask'd before.'
At Thisbe's name awak'd, he open'd wide
His dying eyes, with dying eyes he tried
On her to dwell, but clos'd them slow and died. }

The fatal cause was now at last explor'd,
Her veil she knew, and saw his sheathless sword ;
' From thy own hand thy ruin thou hast found,'
She said, ' but love first taught that hand to wound.
Ev'n I for thee as bold a hand can show,
And love which shall as true direct the blow.
I will against the woman's weakness strive,
And never thee, lamented youth, survive.
The world may say, I caus'd, alas! thy death,
But saw thee breathless, and resign'd my breath :
Fate, though it conquers, shall no triumph gain,
Fate, that divides us, still divides in vain.

' Now both our cruel parents hear my pray'r,
My prayer to offer for us both I dare ;
Oh! see our ashes in one urn confin'd,
Whom love at first and fate at last has join'd :
The bliss you envied is not our request,
Lovers when dead may sure together rest.
Thou tree, where now one lifeless lump is laid,
Erelong o'er two shalt cast a friendly shade :
Still let our loves from thee be understood,
Still witness in thy purple fruit our blood.'
She spoke, and in her bosom plung'd the sword,
All warm and reeking from its slaughter'd lord.

The prayer which dying Thisbe had prefer'd,
Both gods and parents with compassion heard.
The whiteness of the mulberry soon fled,
And, ripening, sadden'd in a dusky red ;

While both their parents their lost children mourn,
And mix their ashes in one golden urn.

Thus did the melancholy tale conclude,
And a short silent interval ensued.
The next in birth unloos'd her artful tongue,
And drew attentive all the sister-throng.

THE STORY OF LEUCOTHÖE AND THE SUN.

The Sun, the source of light, by beauty's power
Once amorous grew ; then hear the Sun's amour.
Venus and Mars, with his far-piercing eyes,
This god first spied ; this god first all things spies.
Stung at the sight, and swift on mischief bent,
To haughty Juno's shapeless son he went ;
The goddess and her god-gallant betray'd,
And told the cuckold where their pranks were play'd.
Poor Vulcan soon desir'd to hear no more,
He drop'd his hammer, and he shook all o'er ;
Then courage takes, and full of vengeful ire
He heaves the bellows, and blows fierce the fire ;
From liquid brass, though sure, yet subtle snares
He forms, and next a wondrous net prepares,
Drawn with such curious art, so nicely sly,
Unseen the meshes cheat the searching eye :
Not half so thin their webs the spiders weave,
Which the most wary buzzing prey deceive.
These chains, obedient to the touch, he spread
In secret foldings o'er the conscious bed ;
The conscious bed again was quickly press'd
By the fond pair, in lawless raptures bless'd :
Mars wonder'd at his Cytheræa's charms,
More fast than ever lock'd within her arms ;
While Vulcan the' ivory doors unbarr'd with care,
Then call'd the gods to view the sportive pair ;

The gods throng'd in, and saw in open day
Where Mars and beauty's queen all naked lay.
Oh! shameful sight, if shameful that we name, }
Which gods with envy view'd and could not blame; }
But for the pleasure wish'd to bear the shame. }
Each deity, with laughter tir'd, departs,
Yet all still laugh'd at Vulcan in their hearts.

Through heaven the news of this surprisal run,
But Venus did not thus forget the Sun.
He who stol'n transports idly had betray'd,
By a betrayer was in kind repay'd :
What now avails, great god, thy piercing blaze?
That youth and beauty, and those golden rays?
Thou who can'st warm this universe alone,
Feel'st now a warmth more powerful than thy own;
And those bright eyes which all things should survey,
Know not from fair Leucothœ to stray :
The lamp of light, for human good design'd,
Is to one virgin niggardly confin'd.
Sometimes too early rise thy eastern beams,
Sometimes too late they set in western streams;
'Tis then her beauty thy swift course delays,
And gives to winter skies long summer days.
Now in thy face thy lovesick mind appears,
And spreads through impious nations empty fears;
For when thy beamless head is wrap'd in night,
Poor mortals tremble in despair of light.
'Tis not the moon that o'er thee casts a veil,
'Tis love alone which makes thy looks so pale :
Leucothœ is grown thy only care,
Not Phæton's fair mother now is fair.
The youthful Rhodos moves no tender thought,
And beauteous Persa is at last forgot.

Fond Clytiè scorn'd, yet lov'd, and sought thy bed,
Ev'n then thy heart for other virgins bled.
Leucothœe has all thy soul possess'd,
And chas'd each rival passion from thy breast.
To this bright nymph Eurynomè gave birth,
In the bless'd confines of the spicy earth.
Excelling others, she herself beheld
By her own blooming daughter far excell'd.
The sire was Orchamus, whose vast command,
The seventh from Belus, rul'd the Persian land.
Deep in cool vales beneath the' Hesperian sky,
For the Sun's fiery steeds the pastures lie.
Ambrosia there they eat, and thence they gain
New vigour, and their daily toils sustain.
While thus on heavenly food the coursers fed,
And night around her gloomy empire spread,
The god assum'd the mother's shape and air,
And pass'd unheeded to his darling fair.
Close by a lamp, with maids encompass'd round,
The royal spinster full employ'd he found:
Then cried, 'A while from work, my daughter, rest;
(And like a mother, scarce her lips he press'd),
Servants retire!—nor secrets dare to hear,
Intrusted only to a daughter's ear.'
They swift obey'd; not one, suspicious, thought
The secret which their mistress would be taught.
Then he: 'Since now no witnesses are near,
Behold the god who guides the various year!
The world's vast eye, of light the source serene,
Who all things sees, by whom are all things seen.
Believe me, nymph! (for I the truth have show'd)
Thy charms have power to charm so great a god.'
Confus'd, she heard him his soft passion tell,
And on the floor, untwirl'd, the spindle fell:

Still from the sweet confusion some new grace
Blush'd out by stealth, and languish'd in her face.
The lover, now inflam'd, himself puts on,
And out at once the god, all radiant, shone.
The virgin startled at his alter'd form,
Too weak to bear a god's impetuous storm ;
No more against the dazzling youth she strove,
But silent yielded, and indulg'd his love.

This Clytiè knew, and knew she was undone,
Whose soul was fix'd, and doted on the Sun.
She rag'd to think on her neglected charms,
And Phœbus panting in another's arms.
With envious madness fir'd she flies in haste,
And tells the king, his daughter was unchaste.
The king, incens'd to hear his honour stain'd,
No more the father nor the man retain'd.
In vain she stretch'd her arms, and turn'd her eyes
To her lov'd god, the' enlightner of the skies ;
In vain she own'd it was a crime, yet still
It was a crime not acted by her will.
The brutal sire stood deaf to every pray'r,
And deep in earth entomb'd alive the fair.
What Phœbus could do was by Phœbus done ;
Full on her grave with pointed beams he shone :
To pointed beams the gaping earth gave way ;
Had the nymph eyes, her eyes had seen the day, }
But lifeless now, yet lovely still she lay. }
Not more the god wept when the world was fir'd,
And in the wreck his blooming boy expir'd.
The vital flame he strives to light again,
And warm the frozen blood in every vein :
But since resistless fates denied that pow'r,
On the cold nymph he rain'd a nectar show'r.

' Ah! undeserving thus,' he said, ' to die,
 Yet still in odours thou shalt reach the sky.'
 The body soon dissolv'd, and all around
 Perfum'd with heavenly fragrances the ground :
 A sacrifice for gods uprose from thence,
 A sweet delightful tree of frankincense.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF CLYTIÈ.

Though guilty Clytiè thus the Sun betray'd,
 By too much passion she was guilty made.
 Excess of love begot excess of grief,
 Grief fondly bad her hence to hope relief.
 But angry Phœbus hears unmov'd her sighs,
 And scornful from her loath'd embraces flies ;
 All day, all night, in trackless wilds alone
 She pin'd, and taught the listening rocks her moan :
 On the bare earth she lies, her bosom bare,
 Loose her attire, dishevel'd is her hair.
 Nine times the morn unbar'd the gates of light,
 As oft were spread the' alternate shades of night ;
 So long no sustenance the mourner knew,
 Unless she drunk her tears or suck'd the dew.
 She turn'd about, but rose not from the ground,
 Turn'd to the Sun, still as he roll'd his round :
 On his bright face hung her desiring eyes,
 Till fix'd to earth she strove in vain to rise.
 Her looks their paleness in a flower retain'd,
 But here and there some purple streaks they gain'd ;
 Still the lov'd object the fond leaves pursue,
 Still move their root the moving Sun to view, }
 And in the Heliotrope the nymph is true. }

The sisters heard these wonders with surprise,
 But part receiv'd them as romantic lies ;

And pertly rallied, that they could not see
 In powers divine so vast an energy.
 Part own'd true gods such miracles might do,
 But own'd not Bacchus one among the true.
 At last a common, just request they make,
 And beg Alcithoë her turn to take.
 ' I will,' she said, ' and please you if I can ;'
 Then shot her shuttle swift, and thus began :
 ' The fate of Daphnis is a fate too known,
 Whom an enamour'd nymph transform'd to stone,
 Because she fear'd another nymph might see
 The lovely youth, and love as much as she :
 So strange the madness is of jealousy !
 Nor shall I tell, what changes Scython made,
 And how he walk'd a man or trip'd a maid.
 You too would peevish frown, and patience want
 To hear how Celmis grew an adamant.
 He once was dear to Jove, and saw of old
 Jove when a child ; but what he saw he told.
 Crocus and Smilax may be turn'd to flow'rs,
 And the Curetes spring from bounteous show'rs ;
 I pass a hundred legends stale as these,
 And with sweet novelty your taste will please.'

THE STORY OF SALMACIS AND HERMAPHRODITUS.

BY MR. ADDISON.

How Salmacis, with weak enfeebling streams
 Softens the body, and unnerves the limbs,
 And what the secret cause, shall here be shown ;
 The cause is secret, but the effect is known.

The Naiads nurs'd an infant heretofore,
 That Cytherea once to Hermes bore :

From both the' illustrious authors of his race
The child was nam'd; nor was it hard to trace }
Both the bright parents through the infant's face.
When fifteen years in Ida's cool retreat
The boy had told, he left his native seat,
And sought fresh fountains in a foreign soil;
The pleasure lessen'd the attending toil.
With eager steps the Lycian fields he cross'd,
And fields that border on the Lycian coast;
A river here he view'd so lovely bright, }
It show'd the bottom in a fairer light,
Nor kept a sand conceal'd from human sight. }
The stream produc'd nor slimy ooze nor weeds,
Nor miry rushes nor the spiky reeds;
But dealt enriching moisture all around, }
The fruitful banks with cheerful verdure crown'd,
And kept the spring eternal on the ground. }
A nymph presides not practis'd in the chase,
Nor skilful at the bow nor at the race;
Of all the blue-eyed daughters of the main,
The only stranger to Diana's train;
Her sisters often, as 'tis said, would cry,
' Fie, Salmacis! what always idle? fie!
Or take thy quiver, or thy arrows seize,
And mix the toils of hunting with thy ease.'
Nor quiver she nor arrows e'er would seize,
Nor mix the toils of hunting with her ease;
But oft would bathe her in the crystal tide,
Oft with a comb her dewy locks divide;
Now in the limpid streams she views her face,
And dress'd her image in the floating glass:
On beds of leaves she now repos'd her limbs,
Now gather'd flowers that grew about her streams;

And then by chance was gathering, as she stood
To view the boy, and long'd for what she view'd.

Fain would she meet the youth with hasty feet,
She fain would meet him, but refus'd to meet
Before her looks were set with nicest care,
And well deserv'd to be reputed fair. [prove
'Bright youth,' she cries, 'whom all thy features
A god; and if a god, the god of love;
But if a mortal, bless'd thy nurse's breast,
Bless'd are thy parents, and thy sisters bless'd:
But oh, how bless'd! how more than bless'd thy bride,
Allied in bliss if any yet allied.
If so, let mine the stolen enjoyments be;
If not, behold a willing bride in me.'

The boy knew nought of love, and, touch'd with
shame,

He strove and blush'd, but still the blush became:
In rising blushes still fresh beauties rose;
The sunny side of fruit such blushes shows,
And such the moon, when all her silver white
Turns in eclipses to a ruddy light.

The nymph still begs, if not a nobler bliss,
A cold salute, at least a sister's kiss;
And now prepares to take the lovely boy
Between her arms. He, innocently coy,
Replies, 'Or leave me to myself alone,
You rude uncivil nymph, or I'll be gone.'
'Fair stranger then,' says she, 'It shall be so;
And, for she fear'd his threats, she feign'd to go;
But, hid within a covert's neighbouring green,
She kept him still in sight, herself unseen.
The boy now fancies all the danger o'er,
And innocently sports about the shore;

Playful and wanton to the stream he trips,
 And dips his foot, and shivers as he dips.
 The coolness pleas'd him, and with eager haste
 His airy garments on the banks he cast;
 His godlike features and his heavenly hue,
 And all his beauties, were expos'd to view.
 His naked limbs the nymph with rapture spies, }
 While hotter passions in her bosom rise, }
 Flush in her cheeks, and sparkle in her eyes.
 She longs, she burns to clasp him in her arms,
 And looks, and sighs, and kindles at his charms.

Now all undress'd upon the banks he stood,
 And clap'd his sides, and leap'd into the flood:
 His lovely limbs the silver waves divide,
 His limbs appear more lovely through the tide;
 As lilies, shut within a crystal case,
 Receive a glossy lustre from the glass.
 'He's mine, he's all my own,' the Naiad cries,
 And flings off all, and after him she flies.
 And now she fastens on him as he swims,
 And holds him close, and wraps about his limbs.
 The more the boy resisted and was coy,
 The more she clip'd, and kiss'd the struggling boy.
 So when the wriggling snake is snatch'd on high
 In eagle's claws, and hisses in the sky,
 Around the foe his twirling tail he flings,
 And twists her legs, and writhes about her wings.

The restless boy still obstinately strove
 To free himself, and still refus'd her love.
 Amidst his limbs she kept her limbs entwin'd, }
 'And why, coy youth,' she cries, 'why thus }
 unkind?
 Oh, may the gods thus keep us ever join'd!

Oh, may we never, never part again !
 So pray'd the nymph, nor did she pray in vain ;
 For now she finds him, as his limbs she press'd,
 Grow nearer still and nearer to her breast ;
 Till, piercing each the other's flesh, they run
 Together, and incorporate in one.

Last, in one face are both their faces join'd,
 As when the stock and grafted twig, combin'd, }
 Shoot up the same, and wear a common rind :
 Both bodies in a single body mix,
 A single body with a double sex.

The boy, thus lost in woman, now survey'd
 The river's guilty stream, and thus he pray'd :
 (He pray'd, but wonder'd at his softer tone,
 Surpris'd to hear a voice but half his own :)
 ' You parent-gods, whose heavenly names I bear,
 Hear your Hermaphrodite, and grant my pray'r ;
 Oh grant, that whomsoever these streams contain, }
 If man he enter'd, he may rise again
 Supple, unsinew'd, and but half a man !' }

The heavenly parents answer'd from on high,
 Their two-shap'd son, the double votary ;
 Then gave a secret virtue to the flood,
 And ting'd its source to make his wishes good.

CONTINUED BY EUSDEN.

ALCITHŒE AND HER SISTERS TRANSFORMED TO
 BATS.

But Mineus' daughters still their tasks pursue,
 To wickedness most obstinately true :
 At Bacchus still they laugh ; when all around,
 Unseen, the timbrels hoarse were heard to sound.
 Saffron and myrrh their fragrant odours shed,
 And now the present deity they dread.

Strange to relate ! Here ivy first was seen,
Along the distaff crept the wondrous green.
Then sudden-springing vines began to bloom,
And the soft tendrils curl'd around the loom ;
While purple clusters, dangling from on high,
Ting'd the wrought purple with a second dye.

Now from the skies was shot a doubtful light,
The day declining to the bounds of night.
The fabric's firm foundations shake all o'er,
False tigers rage, and figur'd lions roar :
Torches aloft seem blazing in the air,
And angry flashes of red lightnings glare.
To dark recesses, the dire sight to shun,
Swift the pale sisters in confusion run.
Their arms were lost in pinions as they fled,
And subtle films each slender limb o'erspread :
Their alter'd forms their senses soon reveal'd,
Their forms how alter'd, darkness still conceal'd ;
Close to the roof each wondering upwards springs,
Borne on unknown, transparent, plumeless wings.
They strove for words, their little bodies found
No words, but murmur'd in a fainting sound.
In towns, not woods, the sooty bats delight,
And never till the dusk begin their flight ;
Till Vesper rises with his evening flame,
From whom the Romans have deriv'd their name.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF INO AND MELICERTA
TO SEA-GODS.

The power of Bacchus now o'er Thebes had
flown ;
With awful reverence soon the god they own.
Proud Ino all around the wonder tells,
And on her nephew-deity still dwells.

Of numerous sisters, she alone yet knew
No grief, but grief which she from sisters drew.

Imperial Juno saw her with disdain,
Vain in her offspring, in her consort vain,
Who rul'd the trembling Thebans with a nod,
But saw her vainest in her foster-god.
' Could then,' she cried, ' a bastard boy have pow'r
To make a mother her own son devour?
Could he the Tuscan crew to fishes change,
And now three sisters damn to forms so strange?
Yet shall the wife of Jove find no relief?
Shall she, still unreveng'd, disclose her grief?
Have I the mighty freedom to complain?
Is that my power? Is that to ease my pain?
A foe has taught me vengeance, and who ought
To scorn that vengeance, which a foe has taught?
What sure destruction frantic rage can throw,
The gaping wounds of slaughter'd Pentheus show.
Why should not Ino, fir'd with madness, stray, }
Like her mad sisters her own kindred slay? }
Why she not follow, where they led the way?' }
Down a steep yawning cave, where yews display'd
In arches meet, and lend a baleful shade,
Through silent labyrinths a passage lies
To mournful regions, and infernal skies.
Here Styx exhales its noisome clouds, and here,
The funeral rites once paid, all souls appear.
Stiff cold, and horror with a ghastly face
And staring eyes, infest the dreary place.
Ghosts new arriv'd, and strangers to these plains,
Know not the palace where grim Pluto reigns :
They journey doubtful, nor the road can tell
Which leads to the metropolis of hell.

A thousand avenues those towers command,
A thousand gates for ever open stand.
As all the rivers disembogu'd, find room
For all their waters in old ocean's womb ;
So this vast city worlds of shades receives,
And space for millions still of worlds she leaves.
The' unbodied spectres freely rove, and show
Whate'er they lov'd on earth, they love below.
The lawyers still, or right or wrong, support,
The courtiers smoothly glide to Pluto's court,
Still airy heroes thoughts of glory fire,
Still the dead poet strings his deathless lyre,
And lovers still with fancied darts expire. }

The queen of heaven, to gratify her hate,
And soothe immortal wrath, forgets her state.
Down from the realms of day to realms of night,
The goddess swift precipitates her flight.
At hell arriv'd, the noise hell's porter heard,
The' enormous dog his triple head up-rear'd :
Thrice from three grizly throats he howl'd profound,
Then suppliant couch'd, and stretch'd along the
ground.

The trembling threshold, which Saturnia press'd,
The weight of such divinity confess'd.

Before a lofty adamantine gate,
Which clos'd a tower of brass, the Furies sate :
Misshapen forms tremendous to the sight,
The' implacable foul daughters of the Night,
A sounding whip each bloody sister shakes,
Or from her tresses combs the curling snakes.
But now great Juno's majesty was known ;
Through the thick gloom all heavenly bright she
shone :

The hideous monsters their obedience show'd,
And, rising from their seats, submissive bow'd.

This is the place of woe, here groan the dead,
Huge Tityus o'er nine acres here is spread.

Fruitful for pain the immortal liver breeds,
Still grows, and still the insatiate vulture feeds.

Poor Tantalus to taste the water tries,

But from his lips the faithless water flies ;

Then thinks the bending tree he can command ;

The tree starts backwards, and eludes his hand.

The labour too of Sisyphus is vain,

Up the steep mount he heaves the stone with pain,
Down from the summit rolls the stone again. }

The Belides their leaky vessels still

Are ever filling, and yet never fill ;

Doom'd to this punishment for blood they shed,

For bridegroom slaughter'd in the bridal bed.

Stretch'd on the rolling wheel Ixion lies ;

Himself he follows, and himself he flies :

Ixion, tortur'd, Juno sternly ey'd,

Then turn'd, and toiling Sisyphus espy'd :

' And why,' she said, ' so wretched is the fate
Of him, whose brother proudly reigns in state ?

Yet still my altars unador'd have been

By Athamas and his presumptuous queen.'

What caus'd her hate the goddess thus confess'd,

What caus'd her journey now was more than guess'd.

That hate, relentless, its revenge did want,

And that revenge the Furies soon could grant ;

They could the glory of proud Thebes efface,

And hide in ruin the Cadmæan race.

For this she largely promises, intreats,

And to intreaties adds imperial threats.

Then fell Tisiphonè with rage was stung,
And from her mouth the' untwisted serpents flung ;
' To gain this trifling boon there is no need,'
She cried, ' in formal speeches to proceed.
Whatever thou command'st to do is done ;
Believe it finish'd, though not yet begun.
But from these melancholy seats repair
To happier mansions, and to purer air.'
She spoke ; the goddess, darting upwards, flies,
And joyous reascends her native skies ;
Nor enter'd there, till round her Iris threw
Ambrosial sweets, and pour'd celestial dew.

The faithful Fury, guiltless of delays,
With cruel haste the dire command obeys.
Girt in a bloody gown, a torch she shakes,
And round her neck twines speckled wreaths of
Fear and dismay, and agonizing pain, {snakes ;
With frantic rage complete her loveless train.
To Thebes her flight she sped, and hell forsook,
At her approach the Theban turrets shook ;
The sun shrunk back, thick clouds the day o'ercast,
And springing greens were wither'd as she pass'd.

Now dismal yellings heard, strange spectres seen,
Confound as much the monarch as the queen ;
In vain to quit the palace they prepar'd,
Tisiphonè was there, and kept the ward.
She wide extended her unfriendly arms,
And all the Fury lavish'd all her harms.
Part of her tresses loudly hiss, and part
Spread poison, as their forked tongues they dart.
Then from her middle locks two snakes she drew,
Whose merit from superior mischief grew ;
The' envenom'd ruin, thrown with spiteful care,
Clung to the bosoms of the hapless pair.

The hapless pair soon with wild thoughts were fir'd,
And madness by a thousand ways inspir'd.
'Tis true, the' unwounded body still was sound,
But 'twas the soul which felt the deadly wound.
Nor did the' unsated monster here give o'er,
But dealt of plagues afresh unnumber'd store.
Each baneful juice too well she understood,
Foam, churn'd by Cerberus and Hydra's blood ;
Not hemlock and cold aconite she chose,
Delighted in variety of woes.

Whatever can untune the' harmonious soul,
And its mild reasoning faculties control,
Give false ideas, raise desires profane,
And whirl in eddies the tumultuous brain,
Mix'd with curs'd art, she direfully around
Through all their nerves diffus'd the sad compound :
Then toss'd her torch in circles still the same,
Improv'd their rage, and added flame to flame.
The grinning fury her own conquest spied,
And to her rueful shades return'd with pride,
And threw the' exhausted, useless snakes aside. }

Now Athamas cries out, his reason fled,
' Here, fellow-hunters, let the toils be spread ;
I saw a lioness in quest of food,
With her two young, run roaring in this wood.'
Again the fancied savages were seen,
As through his palace still he chas'd his queen ;
Then tore Learchus from her breast. The child
Stretch'd little arms, and on its father smil'd :
A father now no more ; who now begun
Around his head to whirl his giddy son,
And, quite insensible to nature's call,
The helpless infant flung against the wall.

The same mad poison in the mother wrought;
Young Melicerta in her arms she caught,
And with disorder'd tresses, howling, flies.
'Oh! Bacchus, Evêe, Bacchus!' loud she cries;
The name of Bacchus Juno laugh'd to hear,
And said, 'Thy foster-god has cost thee dear.'

A rock there stood, whose side the beating waves
Had long consum'd, and hollow'd into caves:
The head shot forwards in a bending steep,
And cast a dreadful covert o'er the deep.
The wretched Ino, on destruction bent,
Climb'd up the cliff; such strength her fury lent;
Thence with her guiltless boy, who wept in vain,
At one bold spring she plung'd into the main.

Her niece's fate touch'd Cytherëa's breast,
And in soft sounds she Neptune thus address'd:
'Great god of waters! whose extended sway
Is next to his whom heaven and earth obey:
Let not the suit of Venus thee displease,
Pity the floaters on the' Ionian seas,
Increase thy subject-gods, nor yet disdain
To add my kindred to that glorious train;
If from the sea I may such honours claim,
If 'tis desert, that from the sea I came,
As Grecian poets artfully have sung,
And in the name confess'd, from whence I sprung.'

Pleas'd, Neptune nodded his assent, and free
Both soon became from frail mortality.
He gave them form and majesty divine,
And bad them glide along the foamy brine:
For Melicerta is Palæmon known,
And Ino once, Leucothœe is grown.

THE TRANSFORMATION OF THE THEBAN MATRONS.

The Theban matrons their lov'd queen pursued,
 And, tracing to the rock, her footsteps view'd.
 Too certain of her fate, they rend the skies
 With piteous shrieks and lamentable cries.
 All beat their breasts, and Juno all upbraid,
 Who still remember'd a deluded maid ;
 Who, still revengeful for one stol'n embrace,
 Thus wreak'd her hate on the Cadmean race.
 This Juno heard; ' And shall such elfs,' she cried,
 ' Dispute my justice, or my power deride ?
 You too shall feel my wrath, not idly spent,
 A goddess never for insults was meant.'

She who lov'd most, and who most lov'd had been,
 Said, ' Not the waves shall part me from my queen.'
 She strove to plunge into the roaring flood ;
 Fix'd to the stone, a stone herself she stood.
 This, on her breast would fain her blows repeat,
 Her stiffen'd hands refus'd her breast to beat :
 That, stretch'd her arms unto the seas, in vain
 Her arms she labour'd to unstretch again.
 To tear her comely locks another tried,
 Both comely locks and fingers petrified.
 Part thus : but Juno with a softer mind
 Part doom'd to mix among the feather'd kind ;
 Transform'd, the name of Theban birds they keep,
 And skim the surface of that fatal deep.

CADMUS AND HIS QUEEN TRANSFORMED TO
SERPENTS.

Meantime the wretched Cadmus mourns, nor
 knows
 That they who mortal fell, immortal rose.

With a long series of new ills oppress'd,
 He droops, and all the man forsakes his breast.
 Strange prodigies confound his frightened eyes,
 From the fair city, which he rais'd, he flies;
 As if misfortune not pursued his race,
 But only hung o'er that devoted place.
 Resolv'd by sea to seek some distant land,
 At last he safely gain'd the' Illyrian strand.
 Cheerless himself, his consort still he cheers,
 Hoary and loaden'd both with woes and years.
 Then to recount past sorrows they begin,
 And trace them to the gloomy origin:
 ' That serpent sure was hallow'd, Cadmus cried,
 ' Which once my spear transfix'd with foolish pride;
 When the big teeth, a seed before unknown,
 By me along the wondering glebe were sown,
 And sprouting armies by themselves o'erthrown. }
 If thence the wrath of heaven on me is bent,
 May heaven conclude it with one sad event;
 To an extended serpent change the man:
 And while he spoke the wish'd-for change began.
 His skin with sea-green spots was varied round,
 And on his belly prone he press'd the ground:
 He glitter'd soon with many a golden scale,
 And his shrunk legs clos'd in a spiry tail.
 Arms yet remain'd, remaining arms he spread
 To his lov'd wife, and human tears yet shed.
 ' Come, my Harmonia, come, thy face recline
 Down to my face, still touch what still is mine.
 O! let these hands, while hands, be gently press'd,
 While yet the serpent has not all possess'd.'
 More he had spoke, but strove to speak in vain, }
 The forky tongue refus'd to tell his pain,
 And learn'd in hissings only to complain. }

Then shriek'd Harmonia, 'Stay, my Cadmus, stay;
 Glide not in such a monstrous shape away!
 Destruction, like impetuous waves, rolls on:
 Where are thy feet, thy legs, thy shoulders gone?
 Chang'd is thy visage, chang'd is all thy frame,
 Cadmus is only Cadmus now in name.
 Ye gods, my Cadmus to himself restore,
 Or me like him transform; I ask no more.'

The husband-serpent show'd he still had thought,
 With wonted fondness an embrace he sought;
 Play'd round her neck, in many a harmless twist,
 And lick'd that bosom, which a man he kiss'd.
 The lookers-on (for lookers-on there were)
 Shock'd at the sight, half-died away with fear.
 The transformation was again renew'd,
 And, like the husband, chang'd the wife they view'd.
 Both serpents now, with fold involv'd in fold,
 To the next covert amicably roll'd.
 There curl'd they lie, or wave along the green,
 Fearless see men, by men are fearless seen,
 Still mild, and conscious what they once have been. }

THE STORY OF PERSEUS.

Yet though this harsh inglorious fate they found,
 Each in the deathless grandson liv'd renown'd;
 Through conquer'd India Bacchus nobly rode,
 And Greece with temples hail'd the conquering god.
 In Argos only proud Acrisius reign'd,
 Who all the consecrated rites profan'd.
 Audacious wretch! thus Bacchus to deny,
 And the great Thunderer's great son defy!
 Nor him alone: thy daughter vainly strove,
 Brave Perseus of celestial stem to prove,
 And herself pregnant by a golden Jove. }

Yet this was true, and truth in time prevails;
Acrisius now his unbelief bewails.
His former thought, an impious thought he found,
And both the hero and the god were own'd.
He saw already one in heaven was plac'd,
And one with more than mortal triumphs grac'd.
The victor Perseus, with the gorgon-head,
O'er Libyan sands his airy journey sped.
The gory drops distill'd as swift he flew,
And from each drop envenom'd serpents grew,
The mischiefs brooded on the barren plains,
And still the' unhappy fruitfulness remains.

ATLAS TRANSFORMED TO A MOUNTAIN.

Thence Perseus, like a cloud, by storms was
driv'n,
Through all the' expanse beneath the cope of
The jarring winds unable to control, [heav'n.
He saw the southern and the northern pole:
And eastward thrice and westward thrice was
whirl'd,
And from the skies survey'd the nether world.
But when gray evening show'd the verge of night,
He fear'd in darkness to pursue his flight.
He pois'd his pinions, and forgot to soar,
And, sinking, clos'd them on the' Hesperian shore:
Then beg'd to rest, till Lucifer begun
To wake the morn, the morn to wake the sun.
Here Atlas reign'd, of more than human size,
And in his kingdom the world's limit lies,
Here Titan bids his wearied coursers sleep,
And cools the burning axle in the deep.
The mighty monarch, uncontrol'd, alone [known.
His sceptre sways: no neighbouring states are

A thousand flocks on shady mountains fed,
A thousand herds o'er grassy plains were spread.
Here wondrous trees their shining stores unfold,
Their shining stores too wondrous to be told ;
Their leaves, their branches, and their apples gold. }
Then Perseus the gigantic prince address'd,
Humbly implor'd a hospitable rest.
' If bold exploits thy admiration fire,'
He said, ' I fauce mine thou wilt admire :
Or if the glory of a race can move,
Not mean my glory, for I spring from Jove.'
At this confession Atlas ghastly star'd,
Mindful of what an oracle declar'd,
That the dark womb of time conceal'd a day,
Which should, disclos'd, the bloomy gold betray :
All should at once be ravish'd from his eyes,
And Jove's own progeny enjoy the prize.
For this the fruit he loftily immur'd,
And a fierce dragon the strait pass secur'd.
For this all strangers he forbad to land,
And drove them from the inhospitable strand.
To Perseus then : ' Fly quickly, fly this coast ;
Nor falsely dare thy acts and race to boast.'
In vain the hero for one night entreats, [threats.
Threatening he storms, and next adds force to
By strength not Perseus could himself defend,
For who in strength with Atlas could contend ?
' But since short rest to me thou wilt not give,
A gift of endless rest from me receive.'
He said, and backward turn'd ; no more conceal'd
The present, and Medusa's head reveal'd.
Soon the high Atlas a high mountain stood,
His locks and beard became a leafy wood :

His hands and shoulders into ridges went,
 The summit-head still crown'd the steep ascent ;
 His bones a solid rocky hardness gain'd :
 He, thus immensely grown, as fate ordain'd,
 The stars, the heavens, and all the gods sustain'd. }

ANDROMEDA RESCUED FROM THE SEA-MONSTER.

Now Æolus had with strong chains confin'd,
 And deep imprison'd every blustering wind ;
 The rising Phosphor, with a purple light,
 Did sluggish mortals to new toils invite.
 His feet again the valiant Persens plumes,
 And his keen sabre in his hand resumes :
 Then nobly spurs the ground, and upward springs,
 And cuts the liquid air with sounding wings.
 O'er various seas, and various lands he pass'd,
 Till Ethiopia's shore appear'd at last.
 Andromeda was there, doom'd to atone
 By her own ruin, follies not her own :
 And if injustice in a god can be,
 Such was the Libyan god's unjust decree.
 Chain'd to a rock she stood, young Persens stay'd
 His rapid flight to view the beauteous maid ;
 So sweet her frame, so exquisitely fine,
 She seem'd a statue by a hand divine ;
 Had not the wind her waving tresses show'd,
 And down her cheeks the melting sorrows flow'd.
 Her faultless form the hero's bosom fires,
 The more he looks the more he still admires.
 The' admirer almost had forgot to fly,
 And swift descended fluttering from on high.
 ' O virgin! worthy no such chains to prove,
 But pleasing chains in the soft folds of love ;

Thy country and thy name,' he said, ' disclose,
And give a true rehearsal of thy woes.'

A quick reply her bashfulness refus'd,
To the free converse of a man unus'd.
Her rising blushes had concealment found
From her spread hands, but that her hands were
She acted to her full extent of pow'r, [bound.
And bath'd her face with a fresh silent show'r :
But by degrees, in innocence grown bold,
Her name, her country, and her birth she told ;
And how she suffer'd for her mother's pride,
Who with the Nereids once in beauty vied.
Part yet untold, the seas began to roar,
And mounting billows tumbled to the shore ;
Above the waves a monster rais'd his head,
His body o'er the deep was widely spread :
Onward he flounc'd, aloud the virgin cries ;
Each parent to her shrieks in shrieks replies ;
But she had deepest cause to rend the skies. }
Weeping, to her they cling ; no sign appears
Of help, they only lend their helpless tears.
' Too long you vent your sorrows,' Perseus said,
' Short is the hour and swift the time of aid :
In me the son of thundering Jove behold,
Got in a kindly shower of fruitful gold.
Medusa's snaky head is now my prey,
And through the clouds I boldly wing my way.
If such desert be worthy of esteem,
Add, if your daughter I from death redeem,
Shall she be mine ? Shall it not then be thought
A bride so lovely was too cheaply bought ?
For her my arms I willingly employ,
If I may beauties which I save enjoy.'

The parents eagerly the terms embrace ;
For who would slight such terms in such a case ?
Nor her alone they promise, but beside,
The dowry of a kingdom with the bride.

As well-rig'd gallies which slaves sweating row,
With their sharp beaks the whiten'd ocean plough ;
So when the monster mov'd, still at his back
The furrow'd waters left the foamy track.
Now to the rock he was advanc'd so nigh,
Whirl'd from a sling a stone the space would fly.
Then bounding upwards the brave Perseus sprung,
And in mid air on hovering pinions hung.
His shadow quickly floated on the main,
The monster could not his wild rage restrain,
But at the floating shadow leap'd in vain. }
As when Jove's bird a speckled serpent spies,
Which in the shine of Phœbus basking lies,
Unseen he souses down and bears away,
Truss'd from behind, the vainly-hissing prey ;
To writhe his neck the labour nought avails,
Too deep the' imperial talons pierce his scales :
'Thus the wing'd hero now descends, now soars,
And at his pleasure the vast monster gores :
Full in his back, swift-stooping from above,
The crooked sabre to its hilt he drove.
The monster rag'd impatient of the pain,
First bounded high and then sunk low again :
Now like a savage boar when chaf'd with wounds,
And bay'd with opening mouths of hungry hounds,
He on the foe turns with collected might,
Who still eludes him with an airy flight,
And wheeling round the scaly armour tries
Of his thick sides, his thinner tail now plies ;

Till from repeated strokes out gush'd a flood,
And the waves redden'd with the streaming blood.
At last the dropping wings, befoam'd all o'er
With flaggy heaviness their master bore ;
A rock he spied, whose humble head was low,
Bare at an ebb, but cover'd at a flow ;
A ridgy hold ; he thither flying gain'd,
And with one hand his bending weight sustain'd ;
With the' other vigorous blows he dealt around,
And the home-thrusts the' expiring monster own'd.
In deafening shouts the glad applauses rise,
And peal on peal runs rattling through the skies.
The saviour-youth the royal pair confess, [bless :
And with heav'd hands their daughter's bridegroom
The beauteous bride moves on, now loos'd from
chains,

The cause and sweet reward of all the hero's pains.
Meantime on shore triumphant Perseus stood,
And purg'd his hands, smear'd with the monster's
Then in the windings of a sandy bed [blood ;
Compos'd Medusa's execrable head :
But to prevent the roughness, leaves he threw,
And young green twigs which soft in waters grew,
There soft and full of sap ; but here when lay'd,
Touch'd by the head that softness soon decay'd :
The wonted flexibility quite gone,
The tender scions harden'd into stone.
Fresh juicy twigs surpris'd, the Nereids brought,
Fresh juicy twigs the same contagion caught :
The nymphs the petrifying seeds still keep,
And propagate the wonder through the deep.
The pliant sprays of coral yet declare
Their stiffening nature when expos'd to air :

Those sprays, which did like bending osiers move,
 Snatch'd from their element, obdurate prove,
 And shrubs beneath the waves, grow stones above. }

The great immortals grateful Perseus prais'd,
 And to three powers three turfy altars rais'd.
 To Hermes this ; and that he did assign
 To Pallas ; the mid honours, Jove, were thine.
 He hastes for Pallas a white cow to cull,
 A calf for Hermes, but for Jove a bull.
 Then seiz'd the prize of his victorious fight,
 Andromeda, and claim'd the nuptial rite.
 Andromeda alone he greatly sought,
 The dowry kingdom was not worth his thought.

Pleas'd Hymen now his golden torch displays,
 With rich oblations fragrant altars blaze,
 Sweet wreaths of choicest flowers are hung on high,
 And cloudless pleasure smiles in every eye :
 The melting music melting thoughts inspires,
 And warbling songsters aid the warbling lyres.
 The palace opens wide in pompous state,
 And, by his peers surrounded, Cepheus sate :
 A feast was serv'd fit for a king to give,
 And fit for godlike heroes to receive.
 The banquet ended, the gay cheerful bowl
 Mov'd round and brighten'd and enlarg'd each soul.
 Then Perseus asks, ' what customs there obtain'd,
 And by what laws the people were restrain'd ?
 Which told, the teller a like freedom takes,
 And to the warrior his petition makes,
 To know what arts had won Medusa's snakes. }

THE STORY OF MEDUSA'S HEAD.

The hero with his just request complies,
 Shows how a vale beneath cold Atlas lies,

Where with aspiring mountains fenc'd around,
He the two daughters of old Phorcus found :
Fate had one common eye to both assign'd,
Each saw by turns, and each by turns was blind.
But while one strove to lend her sister sight,
He stretch'd his hand and stole their mutual light, }
And left both eyeless, both involv'd in night.
Through devious wilds and trackless woods he
pass'd,

And at the Gorgon seats arriv'd at last :
But as he journey'd, pensive he survey'd
What wasteful havoc dire Medusa made.
Here stood still breathing statues, men before ;
There rampant lions seem'd in stove to roar :
Nor did he yet affrighted quit the field,
But in the mirror of his polish'd shield
Reflected, saw Medusa slumbers take,
And not one serpent by good chance awake.
Then backward an unerring blow he sped,
And from her body lop'd at once her head :
The gore prolific prov'd : with sudden force
Sprung Pegasus, and wing'd his airy course.

The heaven-born warrior faithfully went on,
And told the numerous dangers which he run :
What subject seas, what lands he had in view,
And nigh what stars the' advent'rous hero flew.
At last he silent sat ; the listening throng
Sigh'd at the pause of his delightful tongue.
Some beg'd to know why this alone should wear,
Of all the sisters, such destructive hair ?

Great Perseus then : ' With me you shall prevail,
Worth the relation to relate a tale.
Medusa once had charms, to gain her love
A rival crowd of envious lovers strove :

They who have seen her own they ne'er did trace
More moving features in a sweeter face :
Yet above all her length of hair they own,
In golden ringlets wav'd, and graceful shone.
Her Neptune saw, and, with such beauties fir'd,
Resolv'd to compass what his soul desir'd.
In chaste Minerva's fane, he, lustful, stay'd,
And seiz'd and rifled the young blushing maid.
The bashful goddess turn'd her eyes away,
Nor durst such bold impurity survey;
But on the ravish'd virgin vengeance takes,
Her shining hair is chang'd to hissing snakes.
These in her ægis Pallas joys to bear;
The hissing snakes her foes more sure ensnare,
Than they did lovers once, when shining hair.' }

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